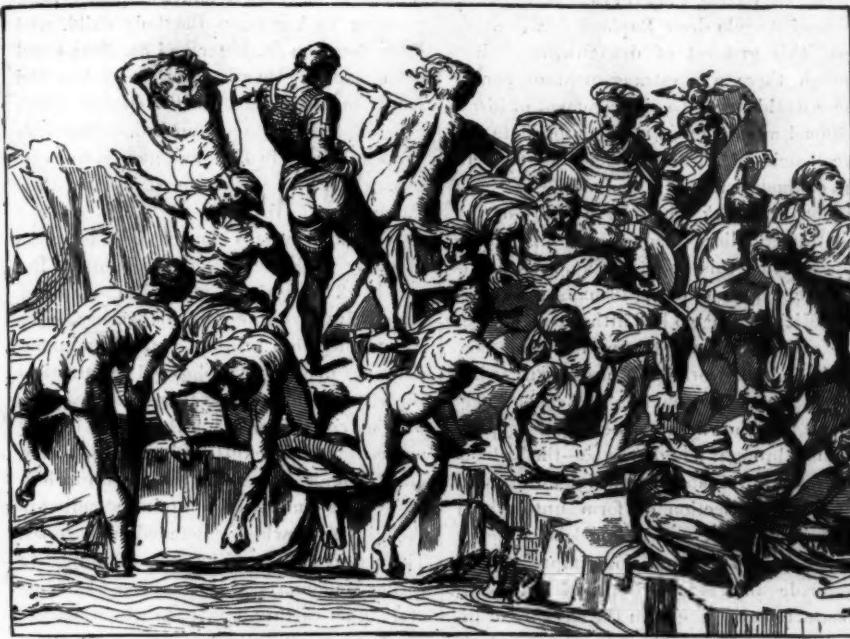


NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1880.

R A P H A E L.

SECOND PAPER.



THE BATHING SOLDIERS.

A NEW realm of art was opened to Raphael in the rival picture to Da Vinci's "Battle of the Standard." It was Michael Angelo's "Bathing Soldiers," designed like that of the other artist for the decoration of the Palazzo Vecchio. On this canvas were exhibited scenes of vigorous and heroic life, the intensity of the highest passions in a manner so far superior to any thing that had ever been presented that the work became the subject of daily discussion among the art students of Florence, as they gathered repeatedly before the great work itself or in

the studio of Baccio d'Agnolo, the celebrated architect and sculptor in wood, who was then supervising so many new buildings, and seems to have been very popular with them. Perugino himself, who was now sixty years old, could not stay away from Florence. He went to see what manner of work this could be by a young man of half his age, who, although only come into the vineyard of art at the eleventh hour, was receiving as much if not more recognition than he himself, who had borne the labor and heat of the day. Of course, he was charmed and over-

awed. He was disappointed, however, to see not only himself eclipsed but even his disciples, and in an unguarded moment belittled the excellencies of the great work. When Raphael succeeded beyond the expectations of his master, Perugino bowed submissively to a fate which brought greater fame to the pupil than the master; but when he fancied to see greater work in an artist of another school, and this artist the one whom he knew to have little respect for the Umbrian school, he was filled with anger, and turned his back upon the city of the lilies. Of course, Perugino's action against Michael Angelo drew Raphael finally away from this greatest of draughtsmen. But though there was estrangement of person there could never be estrangement of ideas. Raphael was too great not to appreciate the excellencies of Michael Angelo, and with all the characteristics of a genius he gave back in his own work whatever a study of the "Bathing Soldiers" had taught him. There appears from this hour in Raphael's paintings a new force of draughtsmanship such as only Michael Angelo had hitherto displayed. The same excellencies appear in the new adept; but the work itself has grown; it has fuller forms, richer charms. Michael Angelo's art had shown the manliness of beauty; Raphael brought a higher type—the fullness of beauty in its refined feminine form.

To this perfection of form unto which Raphael attained under Angelo's influence must be added the marvelous improvements he made in his coloring and grouping. Whatever may have been the measure of inspiration he drew from Masaccio's work, it was left to Fra Bartolomeo, "the painter of devotion," as this distinguished ascetic artist is frequently called, to bring Raphael to their greatest excellence. The death of Savonarola in 1498 had so shocked his devoted friend and admirer, Fra Bartolomeo, that he threw down the brush in disgust and retired to the quietness of monastic life, to see and know no more of this wicked and cruel world. Raphael sought him out in the convent of San Marco, and won him back to society. The boon thus conferred on the world brought its benefits also to him. An

intimate companionship sprung up between these two artists. They worked and studied together. They compared and discussed each other's merits and defects. Raphael gave to the worthy *frater* a better knowledge of perspective, and he in turn communicated to Raphael all he knew of the treatment of color and of the secret of symmetrical yet free grouping, and infused probably into Raphael that devotional spirit which appears to breathe so freely from all his paintings. Possibly the *fater's* influence may still be seen in the "Madonna del Baldacchino." The Virgin is on a high and canopied throne, pressing to her heart the holy child, who looks down on St. Peter and St. Bruno and other saints. It was ordered by the Dei family for their chapel in the church of San Spirito, but was not finished. Napoleon carried it away in 1798, and gave it to Brussels, whence it was restored to the Pitti Palace after 1815.

What a marvelous change these few years of study in Florence had wrought in Raphael! The spiritual mysticism and sweet unearthly devoutness of his earlier years had yielded to a brilliant realism and a fascinating display of color. The practical theories of the Tuscan valleys, peopled with busy myriads, foremost in the arts of luxury and culture, and exulting in civic splendor, had triumphed over the solemn unworldliness of the Umbrian Mountains, standing in the dim light which emanated from Assisi. The pallid and nun-like faces of Raphael's earlier Madonnas had been replaced by types of a higher earthly beauty, in whom natural affection often overflowed religious devotion, and the Virgin seemed to look upon Jesus as her beloved child rather than as her Divine Lord. The breezy landscapes and warm blue skies of his earlier works had been metamorphosed into elaborate architectural environings and richness of costume. The Syrian rustic had become a Florentine patrician. The dry Perugesque reverence had passed away; but a new element had been added, appealing more surely to the universal human heart.

In April, 1508, Raphael wrote to his uncle, the friend of his boyhood, Simone di Cearla,

giving some details of his achievements and prospects, and asking from the new Duke of Urbino a letter to the Gonfaloniere, by whose aid he desired to secure work in the Palazzo Vecchio. It seems that the young aspirant now wished to measure strength with Leonardo and Angelo on the very ground of their triumphs. Leonardo was in his fiftieth year, and Angelo in his thirty-third; and both stood at the zenith of their fame. Raphael was only a youth of twenty-five summers; so far their inferior in age, that it was not thought by either of these artists that he could earnestly intend to enter into competition with them. But the art public, not only of Florence and Perugia, but of all Italy, accorded to him a place beside these great masters, and

discovered in him the one who should one day be greatest of them all. At Rome especially Raphael's merits were frequently discussed, and the holy father finally became so deeply interested in the youth-

ful artist, that he decided to have him at his court. Perhaps the Duke of Urbino had used his influence for Raphael at the Vatican; perhaps the pope had seen and admired his works while at Urbino; perhaps



THE MADONNA OF FOLIGNO.

his kinsman, Bramante, the papal architect, wished him in order to better his own fortunes and gain the services of so great an artist, and so excellent a rival of Angelo. Enough that Raphael was summoned to

Rome about the middle of the year 1508 to complete the decorations of the Vatican which had been begun under the previous pontificate and left unfinished.

It was in the Summer of 1508 that Ra-

than as a painter, had been called about 1506, shortly after the holy father's accession to power, and was busy with the monument or mausoleum this ecclesiastic prince desired for himself. Raphael came to make



THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

phael entered Rome for the first time. He found the pontiff seeking glory not only in politics, but also in the fine arts. The great architect Bramante was busy planning the new basilica of St. Peter. Michael Angelo, whose renown was then as a sculptor rather

up a trio of the world's greatest artists. He was to represent painting even as the other two severally represented architecture and sculpture. It is said that Julius II refused to take possession of the apartments which his predecessor, the corrupt and shameful

Alexander VI had inhabited. "Even if the portraits on the walls were effaced," said he, "the walls themselves would remind one of that Simoniac, that Jew." He therefore chose those apartments in the upper story of the Vatican which had been occupied by Nicholas V and Sixtus IV. Raphael was called to decorate these state chambers of the new pontiff.

He began his work in the Stanza—that is, a room or hall—of La Signatura, the judicial assembly; and in the wonderful series of designs which emanated, as it were, without effort from his mind the whole intellectual world recognized a depth of spiritual meaning absolutely unsurpassed. This composition is a very poem in color; his subject, Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Law. His mind rose above the subjects of pagan mythology, which his predecessors had brooded over. He naturally and consistently, with the views of the time, chose to produce a composition which should represent the different religious and philosophic views of his generation. Hence, the "Stanza della Signatura" might be termed the Hall of the Faculties, for by theology, philosophy, poetry, and jurisprudence Raphael has represented all the sciences which enable man to approach the divine truth. In four circles he painted on the ceiling four figures enthroned in the clouds, with befitting symbols and attendant genii. Of these the figure of poetry is distinguished by superior grandeur and inspiration. Beneath these figures, and on the four sides of the room, he painted four great pictures, each about fifteen feet high by twenty-five feet wide, the subject illustrating the four allegorical figures above.

Under Theology he placed the composition generally known by the title of "La Disputa," that is, the argument concerning the Holy Sacrament. In the upper part is the heavenly glory, the Redeemer in the center, beside him the Virgin mother. On the right and left, arranged in a semicircle, patriarchs, apostles, saints are seated—all full of character, dignity, and a kind of celestial repose befitting their beatitudes. Angels are hovering around. Four of them, surrounding the emblematic dove, hold the

Gospels. In the lower half of the picture are assembled the celebrated doctors and teachers of the Church—grand, solemn, meditative figures; some searching their books, some engaged in "colloquy sublime," and on each side a little lower, groups of disciples and listeners, every head and figure a study of character and expression, all different, all full of nature, animation, and significance; and thus the two parts of this magnificent composition, the heavenly beatitude above, the mystery of faith below, combine with one comprehensive whole.

Under Poetry we have Mount Parnassus. Apollo and the muses are seen on the summit; on one side, near them, the epic and tragic poets. Below, on each side, are the lyrical poets—Petrarch, Sappho, Corinna, Pindar, Horace.

Under Philosophy, Raphael has placed "The School of Athens." It is illustrated in this article, and the reader will notice that it represents a grand hall or portico, in which a flight of steps separates the foreground from the background. Conspicuous and above the rest are the elder intellectual philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates—Plato characteristically pointing upward to heaven; Aristotle pointing to the earth; Socrates impressively discoursing to the listeners near him. On a lower plain we have the sciences and arts, represented by Pythagoras and Archimedes, Zoroaster and Ptolemy, the geographer; while alone, as if avoiding and avoided by all, sits Diogenes, the cynic. The conception of this picture was daring and without precedent, and combines high poetic inspiration with remarkable precision of idealized portraiture. Passavant calls it "the most magnificent work the master ever produced." It is the one work of the sixteenth century which best unites all the qualities of what is known as the grand style—the welding into one inseparable whole of the true and the ideal—a style created by Da Vinci and Angelo, but brought to its fullest perfection by Raphael.

Law or Jurisprudence, from the particular construction of the wall on which it is painted, is represented with less completeness, and is broken up into divisions. Pru-

dence, Fortitude, and Temperance are above; below, on one side, is Pope Gregory, delivering the ecclesiastical law, and on the other Justinian promulgating his famous code of civil law.

The whole of this vast series of composi-

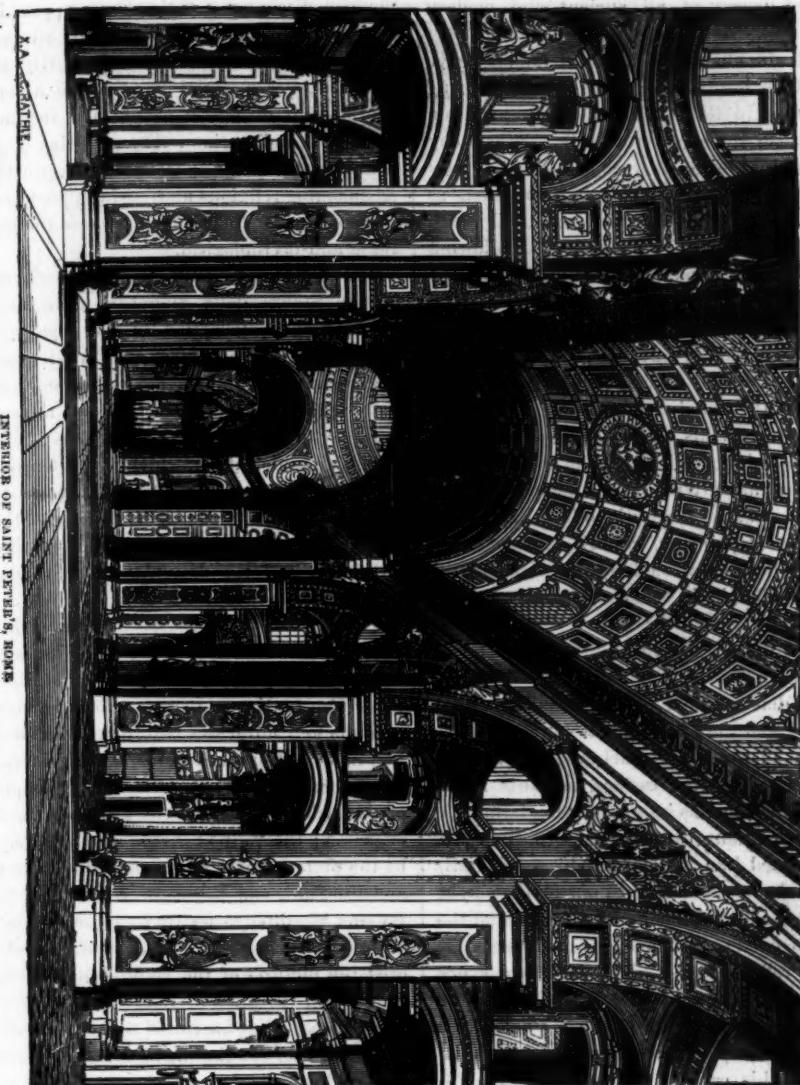


MONA LISA (BY LEONARDO DA VINCI).

tions was completed in three years. The date, 1511, beneath the Parnassus is that of the conclusion of the work. "And when it was done," says Vasari, "the pope expressed his great satisfaction with it to the artist." Of course, Raphael had much assistance in the work. But he possessed the power of so entirely imbuing his pupils with his own

spirit that the keenest critics are sometimes puzzled to decide where he resigned the brush to one or another of those under his superintendence. Ruskin says that in this hall the artist, "wrote upon the walls the 'mene, tekel, upharsin' of the art of Christianity. And from that spot and from that hour the intellect and the art of Italy date their degradation." But the mind that remains unprejudiced by the quaint conceits of Anglican mediævalism, as Sweetser truly says, must rejoice at the emancipation of Raphael and his successors from the former traditions of the epoch of the dawn of art, and their advance into the realms of higher beauty. Standing like a rock in the midst of the downward current of materialism and pseudo-archaism in art, Raphael refused to yield to the fascinations of these corrupting influences, and contented himself with a close and profitable study of pure antiquity without sinking into base imitation

and servility. He blent the art-ideals of the Church with the triumphant theories of the Greek sculptors, and thus conveyed "the golden treasure of the Christian spirit into the silver vessels of antiquity." "With us art-indigents of later times," comments Dr. Springer, "satisfaction is intensified to almost boundless admiration." "We are, of



course, aware," he adds, "that Raphael had not yet attained to his fullest development, and that his power was still on the increase. We shall meet with other works by him characterized by even loftier flights of imagination, richer diversity, and more translucent purity of form; but for all that the pictures in the Stanza della Signatura will ever have for us a special charm. They

glow with the luster of a great century and speak to us with the voice, not only of the artist, but of each one of the great men who made the Renaissance the brightest Sabbath in the history of humanity."

Face to face with Raphael's frescoes we recognize the sympathy which binds together the master spirits of all ages, and we are compelled to bow our heads before the com-

bined power of all ancient and modern thought.

The inexhaustible genius of Raphael gave birth to innumerable master-works during his stay in Rome. The mere enumeration of them appears formidable. Every day found him busily at work, painting not only for his sovereign patron, but for others as well. Cinelli, in his "Bellezze di Firenze" (edit. 1677, p. 277), mentions the following anecdote: "Raphael of Urbino had painted for Agostino Chigi, at Santa Maria della Pace, some prophets and sibyls, on which he had received an advance of five hundred scudi. One day he demanded of Agostino's cashier the remainder of the sum, at which he estimated his work. The cashier being astonished at the demand, and thinking that the sum already paid was sufficient, did not reply. 'Cause the work to be estimated by a judge of painting,' replied Raphael, 'and you will see how moderate my demand is.' Giulio Borghesi, the cashier, thought of Michael Angelo for this valuation, and begged him to go to the church and estimate the figures of Raphael. Possibly he imagined that self-love, rivalry, and jealousy would lead the Florentine to lower the price of the pictures. Michael Angelo went, accompanied by the cashier, to Santa Maria della Pace, and as he was contemplating the fresco without uttering a word, Borghesi questioned him. 'That head,' replied Michael Angelo, pointing to one of the sibyls, 'that head is worth a hundred scudi, and the others not less!' Some who witnessed this scene related it to Chigi. He heard every particular, and, ordering in addition to the five hundred scudi for five heads, a hundred scudi to be paid for each of the others, he said to his cashier: 'Go and give that to Raphael in payment for his heads, and behave very politely to him, so that he may be satisfied; for if he insists on my paying also for the drapery, we should probably be ruined.'"

It was for this Chigi that Raphael painted his "Galatea," in the Farnesina villa about 1513. It represents the goddess of the sea borne over the waves in her shell; tritons and nymphs sporting joyously around her;

amorini discharging their arrows appear in the air like angels of glory. This allegorical representation of the superiority of spiritual over material happiness is a conception full of poetic feeling and instinct with life and action. The painting is a demonstration of Raphael's classic growth. Abandoning religious motives he approached in this work with his usual success the antique and mythological.

The wonderful results Raphael achieved in the Stanza della Signatura gave such pleasure and satisfaction to the pope that all the pictures of the various masters already painted in his apartments were ordered to be effaced that Raphael might replace them by his own unrivaled genius. This extensive undertaking, which it was for him alone to plan and execute, he appears to have formed into one general design—the triumph of the Catholic religion, its divine authority, and the dependence of human laws on its pervading influence.

Passing them from the rooms now called the Stanza of Raffaello, in honor of his work, and past a grand hall dedicated to the Emperor Constantine, we enter a stanza which exhibits four miracles—two from sacred history and two from the legends of the Church. The overthrow of Heliodorus in the temple of Jerusalem, and St. Peter's delivery out of prison; the rout of Attila and his army by the preternatural appearance of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the consecrated wafer at Bolsena bleeding to testify to the real presence. When Raphael is spoken of as a colorist the pictures of the Expulsion of Heliodorus and the Mass of Bolsena are usually referred to. They are called the most richly colored frescoes in the world, and have been preferred to the best works of Titian or Andrea.

Julius II died February 22, 1513, but the event did not for a moment interrupt Raphael's labors in the Vatican. Giovanni di Medici, second son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, just returned from his conquest over the recently revived republic of Florence, took the pontifical chair as Leo X. He was very like his father, but very unlike his elder brother, Pietro, whom the Floren-



A MADONNA, BY CORREGGIO.

tines had driven from their city in disgust. He was a man of resolute will and much energy. He showed this in the manner in which he had set aside the good government of the people and reacquired for his family the rule of the Tuscan city after they had been ousted from it for over eighteen years. To be sure, it was the mere fastening of the Romish fangs on its prey, a conspiracy of priest and soldier, that detestable and ominous combination more baneful to humanity than any other of the poisonous mischiefs compounded out of its evil passions and blind stupidities. But Leo X was also a Medicean patron of learning and art. There never was a greater galaxy of wit, learning, and culture gathered within the walls of any palace than graced the Vatican, nay, the entire city of Rome during the years of Leo's pontificate, from 1513 to 1521. He was fond of splendor, luxury, and magnificence, and so passionately loved art that he strove in every way to enhance its interests and glory.

Raphael was allowed to go on with his work, and most generously supported, and in two years he finished the frescoes of the Heliodorus. In his third of these mural paintings, "Attila repulsed from Rome" by Pope Leo I, he illustrated the legend that when Attila was leading the Huns against Rome in A. D. 452, St. Leo rode forth to meet him, warning him to beware of the fate of Alaric, who had offended St. Peter by plundering his holy city. At this juncture St. Peter and St. Paul appeared in the clouds waving flaming swords, which so terrified the barbarian king that he hastily concluded a peace, and led his army out of Italy. In the center of the picture the fear-stricken Attila is seen riding a fiery black horse, while his savage hordes are filled with dismay, the trumpets are sounding retreat, and the armor-clad horses are neighing in terror; with the brilliant apparitions above, and a wild hurricane raging on the plain. To this scene of pain and confusion approaches the calm and dignified St. Leo.

riding on a white mule, and surrounded by plump cardinals and prelates. This is one of the best frescoes of the master, both in richness of color, accuracy of drawing, pic-



PSYCHE RETURNING WITH THE VASE.

turesque grouping, and powerful execution. Leo X had his own portrait painted for the victorious pope, in allusion to the recent expulsion of the French from Italy, when the troops of the league, formed by Rome, Henry VIII of England, Maximilian of Austria, and Ferdinand of Spain, defeated the armies of France in several battles, and Colonna destroyed their Venetian allies at the battle of Vicenza. The last of the Heliodus frescoes was "The Deliverance of St. Peter," which is in three sections. The first shows the aged saint in prison sleeping between two mediæval men-at-arms, with a shining angel appearing to free him; in the second the angel leads the awe-stricken Peter through the slumbering guards; and in the third the alarmed soldiers are waking. The first two are lit up by the resplendent angel, and the third by a torch and the young moon, giving a novel and effective variety of lights reflected from armor and relieved by deep shadows, which excited great praise

in Italy: The covert allusion to this fresco was to the wonderful escape of the new pope when he was taken prisoner by the French army at the battle of Ravenna.

La Stanza del' Incendio was the third hall in which Raphael labored. It takes its name from the third fresco in the series, representing a fire in the Borgo—a newly built quarter of the city, near the piazza of St. Peter's—which was extinguished through the intercession of the pope (Leo IV) in A. D. 847. We behold here for the first time a direct effort to rival the manly vigor of Angelo's draughtsmanship. There are more undraped figures in this picture than in any other by Raphael's brush, and it is significant on this account. The historic allusion is to the devouring flame of war which menaced Italy in 1515, after Francis I had defeated the Swiss allies of Milan at Marignano, slaying fifteen thousand of their soldiers. The diplomacy of Leo X then saved the peninsula from further invasion. Indeed, the theme for celebration in the whole series—the other three represent the Victory over the Saracens at Ostra, the Oath of Leo III, and the Coronation of Charlemagne, together with the grand battle of Constantine at the Milvian bridge, which he later designed for the stanza named after that great Eastern emperor—was the era of the glory of the papacy, and its victories over all adversaries.

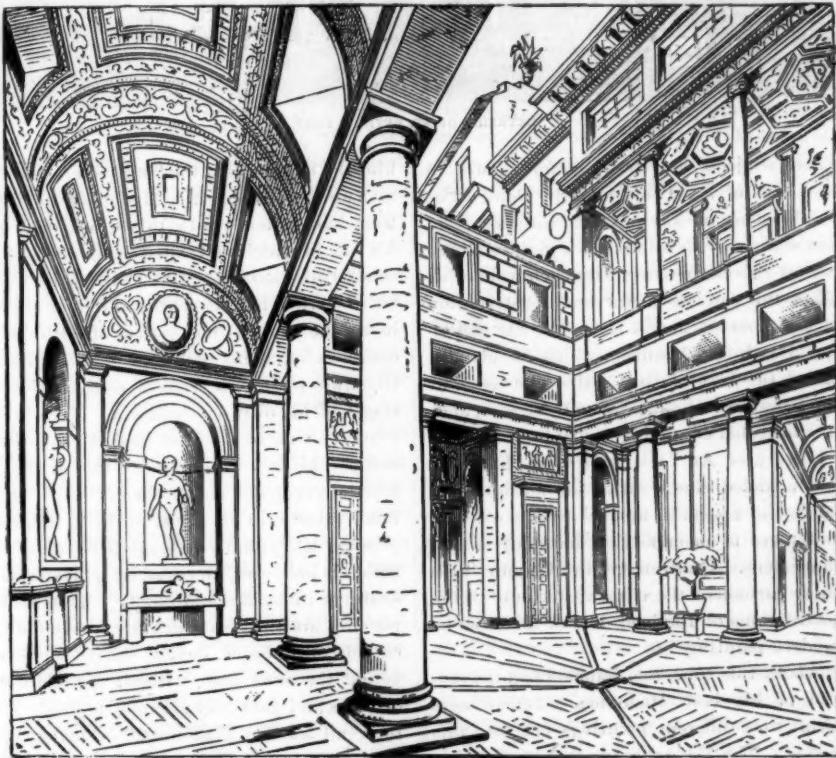
The work of the Incendio Stanza was finished in 1517;—a most remarkable year this in the history of the Church, aye, of civilization. In a little university town, yonder up north by the river Elbe, an Augustinian monk and professor of theology, of exactly the same age as Raphael, at about the same time, was fastening to the doors of the Wittenburg cathedral quite a different story. It was a protest of an aroused conscience against the sale of papal indulgences and the assumptions of the Romish hierarchy. The very picture which was to emblazon the walls of the Vatican with the noon-day glory of the papacy has become the landmark for the beginning of the decline of the Church of Rome.

Luther was preparing to lead the exodus

of the Gothic nations from the Roman Church. The flames of the Reformation were beginning to crackle all over Europe; the transalpine nations were seething with discontent, the Roman hierarchy working over a burning volcano which finally burst its crater, and ten years after brought about the secession of the Northern kingdoms from the spiritual control of the papacy, and the sack and destruction of the Eternal City by the imperial army.

Alongside this great work Raphael carried a hundred other obligations. He never knew rest. Once asked how he made it possible to accomplish so much, he answered promptly by neglecting nothing. He worked

from principle. One of the great side undertakings of this time was the cartoons for tapestries which he designed to adorn the lower walls of the Sistine chapel, below the frescoes Michael Angelo had been painting there while he was at work in the Signatura Stanza. The tapestries from these cartoons were woven by Flemish weavers in a fabric of wool, silk, and gold; but they have been so much damaged that they give only feeble ideas of what they were meant to represent. The cartoons, however—that is, as many of them as were not cut into strips and then scattered or lost—are ranked among Raphael's most remarkable compositions, and greatly enrich Hampton Court, which possesses them.



COURT OF PALAZZO MASSIMI, BY BRAMANTE
(Containing some of Raphael's pictures).



EXTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

Their subjects are drawn from events in the lives of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Punishment of Elymas the sorcerer, who was smitten with blindness, a picture which we have given, portrays with such wonderful effect the sudden horror and consternation of the moment that it rivals the cartoon of the Death of Ananias, which is usually called the best of them all. The scene at the Sacrifice in Lystra (also illustrated, and, like the other engraving, taken from Lübke's "History of Art") is festive in character, and modeled closely after the antique, yet no fact of apostolic history lacks portrayal, and there is an ennobling harmony of arrangement. Quatremere de Quincy calls these cartoons "the climax, not only of the productions of Raphael, but of all those of modern painting."

About this time, too, Raphael painted several of his best Madonnas. Lübke says about fifty different paintings fall into this period. The Madonnas are first of all in importance among these works. He breathed his own life into them, and raised the purely dogmatic theme to the highest point of human freedom and perfection. Although he was never married, no artist glorified like

him the happiness of the family life. Lübke says we might name fifty Madonnas, painted from his earliest youth to the last days of his life, in which he treated again and again this favorite subject. But at the same time he so varied his conception of a mother's love—the simplest and purest of all human emotions—that his paintings of this subject illustrate plainly in themselves the different stages of his own development. The child-like diffidence of the Madonnas of his earlier manner bloom out gradually into a gracefully developed maidenhood until they finally attain, in his ripest works, to the expression of a grandly free, motherly dignity, which is hallowed, however, by a mysterious charm of innocence and purity. Thus these pictures are the most humanly lovely delineations of a simple, devout family life, and yet, at the same time, without the addition of halos and gold backgrounds, more divine than all earlier Madonnas." Among the most beautiful of these is the "Virgin with the Diadem," or Virgin enthroned, now in the museum at Paris. Another noteworthy painting of a female is his "St. Cecilia," now in the Pinakothek at Bologna, which was completed in 1516. More celebrated is

the "Foligno Madonna" now in the Vatican, which was ordered by Sigismondi Conte, the papal secretary, as a thank-offering for his escape from a thunder-bolt or meteor. The figure kneeling, in front, to the right, is Sigismondi's portrait. He is presented to the Virgin by St. Jerome. On the opposite side are St. Francis and St. John the Baptist, not exactly contemporaries, but yet placed here to suit the wishes of that Church which knows no authority beyond its own want and will. The background of the figure represents the city of Foligno, whence its name. But even this excellent piece of masterly drawing, beautiful coloring, and skillful use of chiaroscuro is not really one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Raphael.

He reached the loftiest interpretation of this subject in the world-renowned Sistine Madonna, which was painted in 1518 for the church of San Sisto in Piacenza, and is at present the prized masterpiece of the Dresden Gallery. We are all familiar with that wonderful form, arrayed in glorious raiment borne upon clouds—a heavenly apparition, encircled by a glory of lovely angel faces. A veil flows from her head. She seems to be lost in profound thought concerning the divine mystery, which she clasps with motherly devotion; for a child is throned within her arms, whose lofty mission is foreshadowed in his childish features, while the depth and majesty of his eyes express his destiny as the Redeemer of the world. The saintly Pope Sixtus is reverently looking upward, the impressive dignity of his bearing in strong contrast with St. Barbara, who stands opposite him with lovely demeanor, her graceful head bowed, and her eyes downcast before this revelation of power and glory. The two enchanting angel boys, leaning on the lower division of the picture, give the last touch of beauty to this magnificent work. It may be said that in this picture Raphael reached the perfection of his type, humanity raised to divinity. He has here united deepest thought, profoundest insight, completest loveliness, which is and will continue to be, the apex of all religious art. His Madonnas belong to no especial epoch, to no particular religious

creed. They exist for all times and for all mankind, because they present an immortal truth in a form that makes a universal appeal.

However, the very last creation of Raphael reaches the climax of dramatic greatness and powerful composition—"The Glorification of Christ upon Mount Tabor," also called the "Transfiguration," the most precious jewel in the Vatican collection. The profound insight of the artist has associated in his picture two widely differing circumstances. Above, the glorious forms of Christ, of Moses, and of Elias, floating in mid-air, afford a glimpse into the blessedness of paradise; below, a group of persons, moved by sympathetic suffering, surrounding the boy possessed by devils, embody in a striking contrast the pain and woe of earthly life. But the very glimpse of the opening heavens, and the very revelation of the eternal glory of Christ, throw a divine ray of consolation upon the night of the troublesome existence of earth, transferring doubt into a blessed, confident certainty. This his greatest work Raphael left unfinished. It seems as if he had labored while already on the way to heaven, and we do not wonder that Vasari, in his ecstasy of joy over this work by human hands, with so much of heavenly skill in it, is led to exclaim, "Whoever shall desire to see in what manner Christ transformed into the Godhead should be represented, let him come and behold it in this picture."

Unquestionably the greatest picture in Rome, if not in the world, is Raphael's "Transfiguration." We take it for granted that our readers have often seen it in engravings before now. Let them recall the impression it must have made upon them as it did upon us when we saw it for the first time. It appeared to consist of two parts, in the upper of which Christ is seen in glory, floating in the air over the Mount of Transfiguration, with Moses and Elias, while on the mount are the three favored apostles; in the lower, the possessed child is brought to the apostles to be healed, amidst a multitude of persons. On this circumstance those shallow critics who are ever ready to carp



CREATION OF LIGHT (Fresco in the Sistine Chapel).

at what they do not understand, have grounded a censure of the picture, as comprising two separate springs of action or motives, as they are technically called. But all such criticism is at once answered, when we observe that two of the apostles below are pointing upwards to the Christ; thus interpreting the whole idea of the picture to be, that there is no healer of our human suffering but Christ himself. And this consideration immediately shows that the subject is not, properly speaking, the transfiguration as an historical fact, but "*Christus Consolator*,—Christ the Healer of Men," that the picture is an exquisite adaptation of an event in Christ's course on earth to the expression of this idea.

Raphael fell a victim to the ignorance of his physicians, in the Spring of 1520, while busy with his greatest and last work. He was one day devoting himself to the Chigi palace, when he was sent for at court. He hastened at great speed, being impatient at the interruption, and arrived at the Vatican breathless and perspiring. In this condition he remained for some time in one of the cold and draughty halls, talking busily with the pope regarding the new works on St. Peter's Church, of which construction he had been placed in charge in 1514, after the death of the great architect Bramante. On his way home Raphael was taken with a violent chill, and was immediately prostrated with fever.

He was bled, and instantly became so reduced that he had only time to make his will and to conform to the last offices of religion. On the night of Good Friday, April 6, 1520, he died, at the age of exactly thirty-seven years. The great light of the Eternal City had gone out, and there was darkness at the Vatican and in the streets. All Rome wept. All Italy mourned. All Europe was in grief.

Raphael's personal appearance may be gathered from the painting by himself, now in the Pitti Palace, Florence, which represents him at the age of twenty-three. His physical frame was feeble and delicate, yet symmetrical. He was five feet eight inches high, with slender arms and chest, firmly built legs and feet, and a long well-formed neck. His head was small and shapely, with heavy masses of long, brown, curly hair, a beardless face of an olive complexion, tender brown eyes, a large and well-shaped thin nose, a round and rather long chin, finely cut mouth, with full lips, and an unbroken set of perfect teeth. His features were not regular, but agreeable, and had an expression of grace and sensibility. This delicate and flexible beauty, charming with its open sweetness, was the fair index to a soul at once gentle, chivalrous, self-sacrificing, and free from jealousy.

Raphael died wealthy. In the last years of his life he owned a palace in the city and

a villa beyond the walls, and was accustomed to dress richly, after the manner of the Roman court, whose urbane manners he had also made his own. Vasari says that he lived not as a painter, but as a prince. Though his carefully finished sonnets are not remarkable as poetic productions, the correspondence with Castiglione and other scholars shows that his general cultivation was of a high order.

We have no written record of Raphael's inner life, of his thoughts and sentiments, of his loves and sympathies, of his woes, joys, faith, and aspirations. The pictured halls of the Vatican compose the fair temple wherein his life-intellectual is enshrined; and, in truth, we could scarcely ask for more. It is a revelation of power and majesty and beauty, and tells us sufficient, if not all we should like to know, of the character of the inspiring genius; a genius, we should imagine, with wide and unchained sympathies, rejoicing in the glory and loveliness of nature, regarding life as a beauty and a blessing, and working out the poem of existence with the faith of a lofty soul, and the love of a generous heart. Were it otherwise, indeed, there would be no existent harmony between genius and its productions, and from these productions the true spiritual essence of mental character is best shadowed forth. It will be said, that base and unworthy men have often thought and acted aright. Yes, but not uniformly.

The works of such may be brilliant with coruscations of genius, but they will assuredly be deficient in that steadfast, shining light which can alone exist when the whole being moves in sweet concert with the universal harmonies.

Raphael and Rome are synonymous terms in the history of Italian art of the sixteenth century. Though Michael Angelo labored at Rome, and the impress of his genius is every-where in the avenues of Roman art, yet by common consent the Roman school of art owes its origin and life to Raphael. It became the grandest of all the Italian schools of painting, and gave concrete reality to the aspirations and longings of his predecessors by carrying art to a height all but ultimate. The Roman school combined the virility and boldness of Florence, with the simplicity and the devotional sweetness of Umbria and Siena; in short, all Italian excellences Raphael gathered in his Roman creation; but with the artist who gave it birth, the school alone can be identified, and, illustrious as were many of his pupils, his own death marks the fading hour of the Roman school. Of all the Roman painters, it was Raphael alone who made his works not less the expression and measure of all the knowledge, philosophy, and poetry of his time than witnesses to his genius and vouchers for what we call the immortality of his fame. He achieved the labors of a demigod; his successors wrought like mere men.



FRESCO IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

LENOX LIBRARY.



VIEW OF THE LENOX LIBRARY.

COMPARATIVELY little has been said or is known of Lenox Library, for the reason it has been but recently opened to the public, and is situated remotely from the main centers of New York City. It was for many years the private property of James Lenox, Esq., who made the rare collections it contains a life-work of over forty years. The building, in point of architectural beauty, value, and design, is superior to any library building in the United States; the collections of books and papers entirely unlike those of any other library.

The paintings and sculptures were exhibited for the first time in January, 1877, when the whole magnificent gift was presented to New York, but to be opened only twice a week. In the construction of this building and the arrangement of its valuable contents, Mr. Lenox had excellent excuse for the exclusion of the general public. Great skill and judgment was required to perfect the systematic arrangement of such a stock, and a different ability than that needed in shelving and cataloging an ordinary library. The Lenox collection required double the time so to arrange it that a Peabody or mercantile library would demand. The strictures of the press fell heavily upon the donor at the time, but his judgment is now generally commended by all who fully comprehend the value of the gift, and the necessity

for perfection in its arrangement which time alone could secure.

The building is of Lockport limestone, closely resembling granite, constructed at a cost, with its furnishing, of \$1,200,000. It is also endowed with a permanent fund of a quarter of a million of dollars. Built upon ground given by Mr. Lenox, it occupies a commanding site on Fifth Avenue between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets, overlooking Central Park, Hudson River, and shores and heights of Jersey beyond. It has a parallel frontage on Fifth Avenue of one hundred and ninety feet, and a depth on each street of one hundred and fourteen feet. The entrance plan is a court and massive gateways; while there are no carved figures, scrolls, or fanciful ornamentation of any kind, its imposing, massive richness and architectural solidity commands the greatest admiration. In its elegantly finished blocks of stone, the columns, cappings, bases, and casings there is an appearance of poise and substantial dignity that impresses all visitors. The vestibule, which is entered directly from the entrance door, is twenty-four by ninety-six feet in area, from which all portions of the building are accessible. This grand vestibule is designed to serve a double purpose, both as vestibule and sculpture gallery. Nothing but marble, stone, and tiling greet the eye—the floor is laid in purest

white marble tiles, and the walls skirted by marble bases of a smoked-pearl tint of great delicacy.

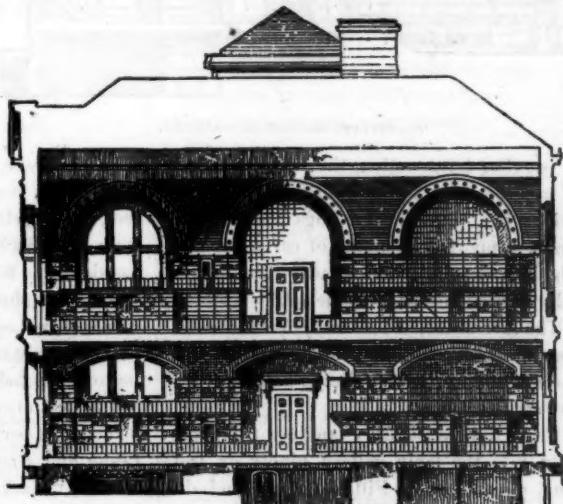
The library and reading-rooms of the first floor, or first story, occupy the north end of the vestibule, and are one hundred and eight feet in length, having six recesses opposite each side window. These beautiful rooms are seventy-four feet high, with level ceilings elegantly corniced and paneled. Here are the mosaics, porcelains, enamels, and casts, numbering sixty rare subjects, embracing collections of Florentine, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Sevres work, with medallions of great value from the best artists. The cases for books, autographic letters, etc., are of the finest glass, framed in black iron mountings. The beautifully stained windows, ten feet above the floor, throw upon this grouping of glass cases and their rare contents the prismatic shades of softened colors.

Among the choice autographs are original letters from Oliver Goldsmith to David Garrick, dated 1767. Also from Robert Burns to "Clarinda," others from Oliver Cromwell to John Cotton, bearing dates of 1651, and from Sir Walter Scott to Bishop Perley in 1800. Among the most interesting works in open display in glass cases are first and only copies of the Bible—one printed in 1450, at Mainz, the first complete printed book known; a large folio Latin Bible, printed in Nuremberg by Koberger in 1477; and every known edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Milton's "Paradise Lost." There are also several copies of the "Doctrina Christiana," the early

product of the Spanish Catholic press in the city of Mexico. In manuscript copies of the Bible, both on vellum and paper, there are several beautifully illustrated editions belonging to the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The first book

printed within the territory of the United States, bearing date "Cambridge, 1640," a Bay Psalm-book, is one of the most valuable of the American collection. Homer in Didot's microscopic types, printed in Paris 1528, is a rare work, also a Homer printed in Florence in 1488. There are fifteen earliest editions of Shakespeare—the "Golden Legend" of 1484 being the original edition. The Game and Play of Chess, printed 1475, embracing thirteen volumes, is a most interesting work. A large collection of Polyglot Bibles, printed in 1645, also "Der Weiss Kunig," a rare work, embodying the history of the Emperor Maximilian, introducing illustrations of the costumes of the Middle Ages. The Mohawk Indian Prayer-book printed in New York, 1715, is a volume of much interest.

Block books, printed from movable wooden types, the first used, a combination of manuscript and xylography, a letter of Columbus's, giving accounts of his discovery of America, published in 1497, are found among the



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF LIBRARY.

numerous attractive relics which Mr. Lenox was so many years collecting.

Of the great mass of choice collections those mentioned constitute but a few of the general classes or features of the first floor library rooms. The marble pedestals in the

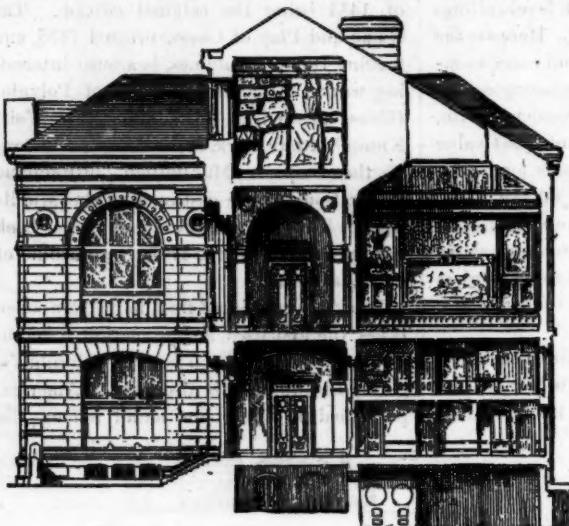
vestibule are surmounted by busts of Caracalla, emperor of Rome, and of Julia Pia, mother of Caracalla, both were purchased in Rome in 1856.

The main stairways, situated at the north and south ends of the vestibule, lead by easy ascent to the half and second story landings. These stairs are of beautiful stone

solid oak; at the south end is located the second story library, and the middle portion is a grand entrance to the dome-shaped picture saloon, which is forty by sixty feet, lighted by oval sky-lights, and the ceiling graduated down from them to the cornices, encircling the four sides of the room without a break. Architectural taste is gratified in contemplating the art and picture saloons of this building. The appointments so simple, and yet so indicative of richness, and the utilization of light and shade for the grouping of so much rare skill and beauty commend the arrangement to high praise. Of one hundred and fifty pictures less than fifty are from the easels of American artists. It was over forty years ago that Mr. Lenox purchased his first and best paintings. Some of them have the appearance of age and hardly sustain the evidence of best artistic skill.

Among the best are those from Sir Joshua Reynolds,

Charles Leslie, and Gilbert Stuart. The "Dog in a Stable," by Sir Edwin Landseer, for which the artist received a medal from the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, London, was bought in 1860. "The Valley Farm," is John Constable's, of which much was said in Leslie's Memoirs. The original portrait of John Bunyan, and one of Washington, painted by Peale in 1778, are fine works that enrich the collection very prominently. A portrait of Washington Irving by Leslie and Francesca by Herbert are gems of art. "Market Scene in Holland," "The Pharisee and Publican," "Tobit and the Angel," belong to a school of studies, which they illustrate with marked fidelity. The pearl of the Lenox collection is in the fifteen marbles that occupy the second story gallery devoted to sculpture. Thomas Crawford has two subjects, bust of Washington, purchased from the Ward estate, and "Children



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF GALLERY.

of peculiar construction, the balustrades are of iron scroll-work of most elegant workmanship. The platform landings are of solid stone, supported by arches of carved stones. The idea of solidity and beauty combined is fully carried out in every detail.

The merranine, or half story, is finished in apartments for the superintendent, being in the main office, parlor, dining-hall, sleeping and service rooms.

From the second story landings two doors open into the main gallery, ninety-six feet long, parallel with Fifth Avenue, and directly over the entrance hall on the first story. From the three ample windows, the park, always beautiful in dress of green or snow, the Hudson, and the heights beyond of old Jersey are in full panoramic view. The sides of this fine gallery are divided into five arcades decorated with pilasters and niches. The walls are wainscoted in

in the Wood," modeled and executed in Rome in 1854. This is one of the finest pieces of sculpture to be seen in the United States. The following stanza explains the position and attitude of the figures:

"Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief—
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief."

The quaint phraseology that indites the sentiment is tenaciously preserved by the artist of this exquisite study.

"La Penserosa," by Hiram Powers, standing upon a high pedestal, is the object of divers criticism; the finish and tone are excellent, the figure perfect. Many, with less appreciation than candor, have unwisely ridiculed this valuable statue. When young

American taste is schooled in art, as well as it is in coarse fiction, they will be better able to pass judgment upon one of the most exquisite and meritorious sculptures ever produced by a master artist.

"Highland Mary," by Benjamin E. Spence, is one of the best in the entire collection. Among the busts are those of Napoleon, Lincoln, Walter Scott, and Washington. Among these fifteen subjects is rich food for artistic study that would occupy one for weeks, insuring a constant gratification of all the higher senses. A day at Lenox would be time well spent for old and young, and the gift to New York has no estimated value; it passes beyond the value of dollars and cents.

THE SABBATH DAY.

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days stern Labor shuts the poor
From Nature's careless banquet-hall;
The seventh, an angel opes the door,
And smiling, welcomes all!

A Father's tender mercy gave
This holy respite to the breast:
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be:
The seventh, the limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

The fields that yester-morning knew
Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
On thee, as them, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
But yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

So rest—O weary heart!—but, lo,
The church spire glist'ning up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go
The day thy God hath given!

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
The spire its moral points on high—
O soul, at peace within thy breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled;
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known:
Man's world awhile hath surely ceas'd,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall—
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds his feast for all!

JULES FAVRE.



ON the morning of the 26th of July, 1830, the city of Paris was, thrown into consternation by the appearance in the columns of the *Moniteur* of the celebrated "five *ordonnances*" of Charles X. They respectively suspended the liberty of the press, dismissed the newly elected Chamber of Deputies (containing a two-thirds majority for the opposition), proclaimed a change in the system of elections, convoked a new Assembly, and presented the nominations of some extreme royalists to the Council of State. Before sundown the most prominent journalists and publishers, headed by a wiry little man, the editor of *The National*, met in spirited assemblage. The fiery editor drew up and read a bold and strong protest against this flagrant violation of their constitutional charter. "Print it!" shouted the hearers. "Print it unsigned?" he replied. "We want names and heads at the end of such a document. In straits like these a patriot should feel that he has no alternative but the guillotine or victory." It was signed by forty-three names, and printed the next morning. All Paris was in arms, and thus began the Revolution of 1830, which gave the Bourbon power a blow

from which it has never been able to recover. The author of the famous editorial: "The king reigns, but does not govern," at the end of the brief revolution issued a proclamation which resulted in the transfer of the crown to Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. But among the insurgents who resisted this *coup d'état* of Charles X there might have been seen two other less prominent, but none the less brave, combatants. One, a young law student, taking down a rusty musket from the wall of his chamber, gallantly stormed the Babylon barracks at the head of a company of patriots. The other, likewise engaged in the study of law, threw himself with equal zeal into the thickest of the fight.

It is needless to say the three men were Thiers, Greyv, Favre. In the galaxy of French statesmen no names shine with a brighter luster. After the lapse of nearly half a century we find these stars in conjunction again. In the extremity of the nation, when the empire had collapsed, and the heart of France was exposed to the batteries of the Prussian army, Jules Favre and A. Thiers were the two men who, by their patriotic wisdom, moderation, and skill, rescued

the destinies of the nation. When the new republic was organized, after the close of the war of 1870-71, M. Thiers became its almost inevitable first president, and when MacMahon was forced to relinquish the post before the expiration of the septennate, none was thought to be so worthy of succeeding to the presidential chair as M. Grevy, the present incumbent.

But it is to M. GABRIEL CLAUDE JULES FAVRE, who died only recently, that special attention is invited in this article. He was born March 21, 1809, in the city of Lyons, and was, therefore, of the same age as Jules Grevy. In the early career of these two men there were several singular coincidences. They were both reared in moderate circumstances, and, as we have seen, simultaneously engaged in the study of the same profession, in the same city, at the same age. Receiving the same political baptism in the Revolution of 1830, they also found themselves impelled into the same political channel in the practice of their legal profession. But in the espousal of the cause of popular rights, particularly in the defense of political offenders, Jules Favre achieved the greater fame. Returning to Lyons after the completion of his law studies, he at once distinguished himself by an eloquent defense of a society of working men, prosecuted for illegal association. His fiery appeals for liberty and justice led to a bloody conflict in the streets of his native city, in which he joined, but escaped punishment. The fame thus acquired brought him back to Paris in 1834 to defend the accused working-men that were under prosecution at this time. He opened his celebrated speech before the chamber of peers with the famous declaration: "I am a republican." But his eloquence was not sufficient to save his beloved clients, and his disappointment and grief were so keen that he retired wholly from public affairs. But after a few years he was again boldly advocating the cause of freedom at the bar and through the press. As political editor of *The Movement*, though its existence was but short, he came into closer contact with the journalistic world, and was in great demand

as an advocate. Of his speeches at this time a competent critic says: "They have the ring of veritable war-cries: many are stately and dignified in form, full of sound sense and faultless logic, animated by a hidden fire which communicates its heat even to him who reads them from a printed page."

When the Revolution of 1848 broke out he announced his political creed in the following words: "Liberty is the free exercise of all the faculties bestowed upon us by God, governed by our reason. Equality is the participation of all citizens in social advantages, without other distinction than virtue and talent. Fraternity is the law of love, uniting men and making all members of one family." It was unavoidable that he should become a prominent figure in the events that followed. As secretary-general of the Ministry of the Interior, he was the reputed author of the ultra-radical circulars which were sent out under the signature of Ledru Rollin. But he has emphatically denied having had any share in their preparation. Having been elected to a seat in the national Assembly from the department of the Loire by over thirty-four thousand votes, he resigned his position as secretary of the ministry of the interior. In the Assembly he was in his most congenial sphere, winning increased fame by his brilliant oratory. He would not be fettered by party limits, but felt himself at liberty to act in perfect independence. The principal items in his career, down to the election of Napoleon as president, were the preparation of the report of the committee favoring the impeachment of Louis Blanc, his proposition to confiscate the personal wealth of Louis Philippe, his refusal to join in a vote of thanks to Cavaignac, and his opposition to the expedition to Rome, December, 1848. After the election of Napoleon to the presidency he became his persistent opponent. And when the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, was perpetrated he resumed his profession, and refused to take the oath of imperial allegiance when elected shortly afterward to the Councils-General of the departments of the Loire and the Rhone. But though out of the Assembly, a new

significance was given to his career. For it was in the capacity of an advocate that he was enabled to startle all Europe in 1858 by his bold defense of Orsini, the would-be assassin of the emperor. He embraced this opportunity of avowing with sublime eloquence his love of liberty and republican institutions. He was immediately elected to the Corps Legislatif from the sixth circonscription in the department of the Seine, and now consented to take the oath of allegiance in order to strengthen the small force of the opposition in this body. The defender of Orsini a member of the legislative body of the empire! The imperialists had good reason to fear his power. For he was as fearless in his denunciations of the shams of the empire as these were vulnerable by the sword of truth. He belonged to the celebrated group of "Five" who dared, in the legislative hall, to say to all the world that the government of Napoleon III was a "tyranny based on fraud and violence, which it was the duty of the French people to overturn." When the war with Austria broke out in April, 1859, he exposed with scathing sarcasm the insincerity of establishing liberty by force in Italy, while having violently overthrown it in France..

From this time until the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war he was almost continually before the public in the capacity of a political opponent of the empire, being re-elected to the legislative body in 1863 both from Paris and Lyons, and choosing to represent his native city, and in 1869 from the department of the Seine. In the year previous he was made a member of the Académie Française to succeed M. Victor Cousin. His distinction at the bar was recognized in 1860 by his election as bâtonnier of the Paris advocates. In 1864 he opposed in a powerful address the Mexican expedition, by which Napoleon sought to dazzle the minds of the French people, and make capital for the empire. After the failure of this project and the success of the Prussian arms in the war of 1866, the emperor found it necessary to devise new plans for strengthening the empire in the popular estimation. Of such

a nature were the proposed concessions to the liberal party in the form of constitutional changes. But they failed either to deceive or conciliate the republican sentiment. Favre and his associates covered the imperial policy with ridicule, and riddled it by their wit. There can be but little doubt that had not the Prussian war compassed the overthrow of the imperial dynasty, civil revolution would have sooner or later accomplished this result.

Of this opposition in the Corps Legislatif Favre was the acknowledged leader, especially during the months preceding the Summer and Fall of 1870. How he became the chief figure in the tumult of the 4th of September, when the provisional government was formed, constitutes one of the most interesting and important portions of later French history. Judging from his moderate and calm account of the events of this exciting period in his work, entitled "The Government of the National Defense," his mission must be regarded as having been of critical significance, and the manner in which he fulfilled it entitles him to be ranked among the greatest patriots of France. But to understand his position on the 4th of September, when he so signalized himself, we must go back a little.

On the 15th of July the Chamber of Deputies presented one of the wildest scenes ever witnessed even in a French legislative body. The candidature of the Prince Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne, which had been received by France as a menace to the balance of power in Europe, had been voluntarily withdrawn, and the king of Prussia had signified his approval of this withdrawal to the French Government. Thus every pretext of war had been removed. But at the Tuilleries there was but one dream—the disgrace of Mexico must be effaced by a new exploit of arms, restoring to the imperial crown the luster it had lost. Therefore, it was demanded that the king of Prussia guarantee that this candidature should never be renewed in the future. A refusal of this was foreseen. No sooner was Benedetti's dispatch to this effect received by the minister of war than it was

hurled into the Assembly as a fire-brand, and made to serve as the text for war. By willful and persistent misrepresentations on the part of the government the passions of this body became inflamed to such a degree of intensity that all efforts on the part of the few sober minded ones to restore the majority to reason and reflection were utterly futile. "Offend me, insult me," cried Thiers; "I am ready to endure any thing to spare the blood of my compatriots, which you are ready to shed so imprudently." But all was vain. Even a resolution of Favre, requesting the communication of the dispatches upon which the supposition of an insult to the French nation was based, was lost. The demand for a loan of fifty million francs for military defense was carried at midnight by two hundred and forty-five votes to ten. War was declared on the 19th of July. Having failed to prevent this rash and sinful act, the disastrous results of which were clearly foreseen by Favre, he, with others, endeavored to secure the reorganization of the National Guards for the better safety of the nation. But in this, too, they were resisted. "There is no danger," was the answer. But the nation was soon to be undeceived. On Sunday morning, August 7th, Jules Favre was met on the Rue d'Amsterdam by a pale and haggard friend, who announced: "We are beaten; the army of MacMahon is routed. Froissard is beaten, Failli beaten. Alsace is invaded, and our first line of defense is broken."

Favre at once sought out the president of the Corps Legislatif, asking for a convocation of that body, and declaring that the safety of the country demanded the recall of the emperor, and the assumption of supreme power by the Assembly. On the following Tuesday the opposition demanded the armament of the French National Guard and the nomination of a commission of fifteen members invested with powers of governing and defending the nation. For the latter bold step the body was not prepared. It sounded very much like treason. M. de Cassagnac protested, and demanded that the authors of the resolution be brought before the council of war. The

proposition of a commission was rejected by a vote of one hundred and ninety against fifty. Upon hearing the vote proclaimed, Gambetta exclaimed, "You will have to come to it;" and Favre added, "Yes, and when you do, it will be too late!" It was his belief, supported by many military men, that had the chamber seized the supreme power then, the emperor having no more orders to give, Paris would have been covered, an army of succor, a hundred thousand strong, would have prevented the occupation of Châlons and Versailles, and thus the investment would have been impossible, or, at least, delayed. But the president of the Chamber, M. Schneider, and M. de Palikao, when called upon to choose between Paris and the emperor, sent the last resources of France to the latter. Repeated efforts were made to form a commission, but they were resisted to the end. The only concession made to public opinion was the appointment of General Trochu as governor of Paris. Meanwhile the situation was becoming daily more precarious. From August 30th to September 3d not a single dispatch appeared on the bulletin boards from the seat of war. The public suspense became intolerable. This silence could have but one interpretation: the general apprehension of defeat was confirmed. On the morning of September 3d the minister announced the defeat of MacMahon and the inclosure of the army and emperor in Sedan. Jules Favre, in a short speech, maintained that the time for complaisance had passed. France was without a head. "Where is the emperor?" he demanded. "Is he in communication with his ministers? Does he give them his orders?"

The minister of war— "No."

M. Jules Favre—"Since the reply is in the negative there is no need for me to prove by a long argument that the government has ceased to exist, and that it is of yourselves, it is of the country, you must now ask the resources which can alone protect it and you."

But the Chamber adjourned without giving any attention to these notes of warning. The news of the capitulation of Sedan and

capture of the emperor had soon followed the previous intelligence, and spread rapidly through the city. The boulevards were thronged; the police were powerless to disperse the surging crowds. Cries were heard demanding the fall of the government. The insurrection had already begun. The Chamber was convened at one o'clock Sunday morning, September 4th, at the urgent request of the opposition, headed by Favre. His testimony with regard to his private interview with the president on the night of the 3d is worthy of note. To the original plan of demanding the assumption of supreme power by the Chamber, "we only added," he says, "the deposition of Napoleon, who had signed it already by surrendering at Sedan. We were then as free from personal interest as we had been when, on the 7th of August, I had sought an audience with M. Schneider, the president. We had no other design than to accomplish without a revolution an act of justice which had now become inevitable. On this occasion, if the Chamber had voted as we requested, the insurrection of the 4th of September would have had no cause to take place, and we should have been excluded from the new government chosen by the majority." The hour appointed had arrived. The president was in his chair; but the cabinet had not thought it proper to meet. The minister of war was found in bed, and requested the Chamber to postpone its deliberations till noon, that he might have an opportunity of consulting his colleagues. The Chamber hastened to accord this delay. But then the last opportunity for action had passed.

Whatever may be thought of the important events that took place later in the day, it is certain that Favre and his associates had no part in originating the violent interruption of the Corps Legislatif by the National Guard and the mob. It was as much a surprise to them as to the other members of that body. It was only at the last moment, when all efforts at controlling the mob had been abandoned, and the president had declared the sitting at an end, that Jules Favre, impelled by a patriotic and heroic

impulse, made himself master of the situation. As every step in the order of events is of significance here, we give them with some detail.

When the Assembly met, a little after one o'clock in the afternoon, the minister of war endeavored to head off the opposition by himself proposing, now, a council of government, with the Count de Palikao for lieutenant-general. Favre claimed priority for the proposition of the left, by whom, however, two propositions were now presented. The more readily to conciliate the majority, it was decided to abandon the word *déchéance*, for which M. Favre substituted the phrase, "Considering the vacancy," etc. Thiers favored a still milder substitute, "Considering the circumstances," etc. To this Favre could not give his assent, as it affirmed nothing. The three propositions were thus sent to the bureaus to be formed into a single resolution. It is important to note that these separate propositions to constitute a new government named by the Chamber, recognized that the empire was no longer in existence. And as each party, also, either demanded that a new constituent Assembly be formed, or conceded the necessity of constituting one when the immediate dangers from the presence of the enemy should have been averted, it was equally clear that the Corps Legislatif, which was the exponent of the imperial policy, could not survive its downfall.

While the bureaus were engaged in the work committed to them, the sound of a tumult in the court-yard outside suddenly fell upon their ears. The chamber had been invaded by the populace. In passing out of the room where the ninth bureau was sitting, Favre met the mob. They accosted him, and demanded the fall of the government. He responded: "We are aiming at that, but you will not help us by violently interrupting our deliberations," and used every effort to induce them to withdraw. Inside of the legislative hall but fifteen deputies were present. The president and several prominent members of the opposition successively strove to restore quiet and clear the halls. Suddenly there was a terrible

crash. The doors of the hall gave way to the crowd pressing outside. The chamber was rapidly filled with a promiscuous crowd of the populace and the National Guards, partly without uniforms; cries of *La déchéance! Vive la République!* filled the air. The president declared: "Deliberation, under such circumstances, is impossible. I declare the sitting at an end." When the tumult was at its height Favre, who had not witnessed the previous scenes, entered the hall. Seeing the disheveled heads of two men, who were in the highest state of excitement, and one of whom was ringing the bell loudly, preparing to propose some decree, he quickly ascended the tribune. The following are his own words: "The recollection of the 15th of May flashed across my mind. I recalled Barbe's making the mob vote foolish measures. I did not hesitate; and, feeling the full import of the steps I was about to take, I succeeded in making a few words audible in the midst of this tempest. As it was demanded on all sides that I should declare the republic, I said, 'It is not here that this can be done, but at the Hôtel de Ville. Follow me. I will go thither at your head.'" This course, which had suddenly suggested itself to his mind, had the advantage of freeing the chamber, and of preventing a sanguinary conflict within its precincts, which would have rendered a violent faction master of the movement. The proposal was received with acclamation, and Favre, descending from the tribune, led the crowd out, being joined at the door by a number of his colleagues. At the end of the Pont de la Concorde a formidable cry arose: "To the Tuilleries!" But the crowd obeyed an energetic signal by Favre to pass along the quays. Having arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, Favre again addressed the vast crowd in the large hall. While he was speaking additional colleagues and deputies arrived, and retiring to a side chamber they immediately formed a commission of government. They had already been installed, when General Trochu, who had been sent for arrived, and placed himself at the disposal of the new government, on condition that they would

protect the three institutions—religion, the family, and property—and constitute him president of the republic. The latter demand, if we are to believe in the sincerity of his professions, was not prompted by ambition, but based on the conviction that without being invested with supreme authority as commander-in-chief the defense of Paris could not be assured. His bold demand was acceded to without a dissenting voice, and he departed with a walking-stick in his hand to take possession of the war office.

Meanwhile the chamber, having been freed from the presence of the mob, the remaining deputies reassembled and forthwith passed a resolution very closely resembling that originally proposed by Favre, and sent a commission to confer with the provisional government just formed at the Hôtel de Ville. But these overtures, though, doubtless, animated by patriotic motives, came too late. The Assembly had refused, week after week, to take this action until forced to do so by the logic of events. The revolution of the people had already been accomplished, and Favre and his associates had, by their wise and prompt action, so controlled its turbulence that not a drop of blood had been shed in its assumption of authority. Indeed, it is not difficult to conceive what results might have followed had these wise and brave men not put themselves at the head of the popular uprising. The Commune would have established itself at the Hôtel de Ville, to be followed by civil war, division in the army, and ruin of the defense. That they were not regarded as usurpers is evident from the dignity and confidence with which they were treated by the remaining body of the Corps Legislatif. Well did these heroic leaders understand the grave perils that were impending over the country, and the responsibility they had assumed. Paris was at this moment too much intoxicated by its joy over the downfall of the empire to realize the danger from the enemy. On the evening of the 4th of September, as they were contemplating the gayety of the populace, and some one expressed his admira-

tion, Jules Simon said to Favre in a grave, sad tone : "I am thinking only of the Prussians."

The mission of Favre, after the provisional government had been formed, was as painful as it was delicate and difficult. His first acts were to draw up a circular, addressed to the representatives of France at the courts of Europe, and to secure the services of M. Thiers as special envoy to these powers. It was in this circular that he defined the position of France in the proud words : "Not an inch of our territory, nor a stone from our fortresses!" Nevertheless, it required no extraordinary foresight to perceive, that without foreign intervention the reduction of Paris was only a question of time if the war went on. The advance of the Prussian army must, therefore, be checked. This could not be done by arms. It must, therefore, be done by diplomatic negotiations for peace, humiliating as this might be. But Favre had always been an advocate of the higher and humane principles of modern civilization. He shuddered at the picture which his imagination drew of the horrors of a prolonged siege of over two millions of maddened Frenchmen. And he held that France, at large, was not responsible for the war, but the empire. As this had fallen, he argued that the offending cause of the war was removed, and, Frenchman that he was, characterized the prosecution of hostilities on the part of Prussia, after the capture of Sedan, as aggressive barbarism.

Although the provisional government was organized, as its name declared, for the national defense, and the resistance of the foreign foe, yet its vice-president and chief representative found himself under the embarrassing necessity of considering from the very first the question of peace. He entertained strong hopes that the neutral powers might unite in a demand for a cessation of hostilities on the simple condition of a sufficient indemnity for the war; but being disappointed in this expectation, he swallowed his pride, and sought a personal interview with Bismarck. They met in Carrières on the 19th of September. In

three prolonged interviews, extending over a period of two days, he exhausted every plea of humanity, political interest, and patriotism to secure terms for an honorable armistice, in which to elect a new Assembly to treat with the enemy. But Bismarck's demand of the surrender of Strassburg, and a cession of territory, as the inexorable condition of an armistice, made the efforts fruitless. At the final repetition of these severe conditions Favre was unable to control his emotions, and with mingled tears and smothered rage withdrew.

After the well-nigh successful insurrection of the Communists in Paris on the 31st of October, Thiers was selected as the agent to conduct a second interview with the enemy, with a view to securing an armistice with the privilege of reprovisioning Paris. After five days of conference Bismarck agreed to an armistice of twenty-eight days, on the basis of the military *status quo*, so as to give an opportunity for the holding of elections, but refused the re-victualing of the besieged capital. Both Thiers and Favre favored this proposition, thus furnishing a sufficient refutation of the charge that they were seeking to prolong their "dictatorial powers." But the majority of the government, influenced by General Trochu, rejected it.

Three months more of heroic resistance ensued, until a second Communistic outbreak on the 22d of January, 1871, led by Flourens, determined Favre, for the third time, to seek a truce. Aside from the growing power of the Communistic conspiracy and the difficulty of repressing internal disorders, grim, gaunt, famine was now haunting the waking and sleeping moments of thoughtful men. Invested with plenary powers by the government, he presented himself to Bismarck with the remark that he had come to begin where he had left off at Ferrières, and asked the conditions of an honorable surrender. "You are too late," responded Bismarck gruffly; "we have treated with your emperor." Notwithstanding Favre's indignation upon learning of the schemes to reinstate the imperial dynasty, the discussions continued until they terminated with an agreement on the evening of the 26th,

just as Favre was stepping into his carriage, to stop firing at midnight. On the 28th he signed an agreement for an armistice of twenty-one days providing for the convocation of an Assembly February 12th, the immediate re-victualing of Paris, and the retention of their arms by the National Guard. But he failed to secure the exemption of Paris from the entry of Prussian troops. It is safe to say, however, that hardly could another have been found to represent the interests of his prostrate country in this trying hour with greater perseverance, dignity, and self-control. The armistice was not signed an hour too soon. For upon his return to Paris he learned that four days must elapse before the provisions telegraphed for from London, Antwerp, and Dieppe could arrive. Hastening back to Versailles he confessed to Bismarck that the population was in danger of absolute starvation. It was only by drawing upon the Prussian provisions that the dreaded mortality was averted.

When the Assembly was organized at Bordeaux he was delegated by the government of national defense to hand in their collective resignation.

"When he mounted into the tribune there was a general murmur of respectful surprise among all who knew him personally, so worn and aged had he grown under the influence of the excitements and trials to which he had been subjected. He went down from the tribune like a man from whose shoulders a crushing burden had been lifted, and he doubtless would have been glad to escape from the responsibility with

which he was honored in the new cabinet chosen by M. Thiers—that of holding the portfolio of Foreign Affairs."

He was prominent in measures for the suppression of the subsequent Communistic revolt, and, as minister, displayed marked discretion in managing the delicate relations between Germany and France. He was re-elected to the Assembly in 1873, and in 1876 to the Senate, where his term would have expired in 1882. But he died January 19, 1880, of pneumonia, at the age of seventy-one. That his distinction at the time of his death was not as great as when, during the years of his country's peril, he stood at the helm of political affairs is not surprising. But to say that on that account his career ended in failure would be an entire misconstruction of the place he was called to fill in the order of events. Younger statesmen, such as his warm friend Gambetta, have eclipsed him in political glory; but history will recognize the signal services which he rendered his country in the hour of her greatest disaster, and enroll him among the most conscientious, valiant, and unselfish of French patriots.

In personal appearance Favre is described as "a man above medium size, with a grave, sweet, very dignified face. His nature was sensitive, and he probably suffered a great deal from the biting invective and the scandalous reports to which he was subjected. His presence in the legislative tribune was commanding, and he was always listened to with the respect and admiration which his exquisite French and charming oratory compelled."

THE "MAGNIFICAT."

EVERY burst of true religious life is accompanied by its burst of religious poetry. This is marked in our own most popular hymn-books by the names of Luther, Wesley and Whitefield, Keble and Newman.

St. Luke's Gospel shows us that it was so just before our Lord's appearance. All

through that Gospel, indeed, an attentive ear can catch choral vibrations. Its close is anthem-like. But more especially is this the case with its opening chapter. The air is full of song. The whole field is in flower.

Observe the historical frame-work in which the *Magnificat* is set. Mary was very liable to be misconstrued by the world. She was

called upon to bear the cross which is heaviest for the purest souls—a cross of shame. In Nazareth she could not remain. She turned to the spot towards which she seemed to be invited by an angel's lips and pointed by an angel's finger. A light twinkled for her among the hills. If, as seems most probable, Elisabeth lived at Hebron, the journey would be, for a traveler supplied with the best horses of the country, one of seven or eight hours; for one unable to procure such help, about twice that length of time. The journey lies through one of the sternest and wildest routes in Palestine. The solitude is the most desperate which travelers of experience have ever traversed. The scenery is so stern that the very mountains of Moab, touched as they are with a beautiful rosy tint, present a contrast which is almost a relief. At the end of her second or third day's journey—probably late on the third—lines of blue smoke, piercing a sky touched by the twilight shadows, told the Virgin that she was drawing near to Hebron. The softer and more humanized character of the landscape might insensibly communicate a measure of relief to that aching heart. Yet Hebron was a spot which could scarcely be entered without solemn associations, by one whose spirit habitually breathed and moved in the atmosphere of the Old Testament Scriptures. It not only included the grotto of Machpelah, the last resting-place of Sarah, of Abraham, of Isaac, Rebekah, Leah, Jacob, its foundation ascended to an antiquity which just exceeded that of Tanis in Egypt. Long before the Canaanites came the gigantic shapes of Anakim and Rephaim moved through the primeval forests by which it was surrounded. The Canaanites gave it the name of Arba, a great warrior of the Anaks (*Kirjath-arba*). These distant and marvelous recollections must impress the least susceptible imagination.* However this may have been, there

must have been a pathos in the quiet word of the gentle maiden as she saluted Elisabeth. Elisabeth, for her part, knew her cousin's voice even before she saw her pale and suffering face. And in the power of the Holy Spirit, the babe within her quickening and seeming to leap into joyous life, she spoke with a thrilling and exultant voice, that swelled and rang out in ecstatic welcome to the mysterious Incarnation into whose presence she was brought.

"Blessed thou among women, and blessed the fruit of thy womb. And whence this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For lo! as the voice of thy salutation was coming to mine ears, leaped the babe in exultation in my womb. And blessed she who shall believe that there shall be performance of those things which were spoken to her from the Lord."

It was nothing but a brief, unrecorded salutation, probably of one or two words, which drew out the amazing and magnificent acknowledgment that came home to Elisabeth with the power of the Holy Ghost, and, for a while, stirred her very frame, elevated her spirit, ennobled and transformed the tones of her voice into a rich and stately music. Here, as is so often the case, God's work is done by an unconscious influence going forth from his servants. When souls are steeped day by day in prayer and prolonged realization of the presence of God, more especially when they are in sorrow, or bearing the cross, a sweet contagion goes forth from them. A mere act of common courtesy and affection perhaps, as in the case of Mary's salutation, touches the deepest spiritual chords in other hearts.

After the prominence given to the loud, ecstatic utterance of Elisabeth it seems certain that the delicate pencil of St. Luke presents us with a real contrast in a single word. "And Mary said." Elisabeth's utterance and supernatural possession by the

* In the Middle Ages it was a pious opinion in the Church that Adam was created in a field of red clay, quite close to the cave of Machpelah. Pilgrims visited the cradle of the human race for the purpose of gaining indulgences by buying of the Saracen proprietor a little of the mud or clay out of which the father of humanity

was formed. In the simple *Evangelium* of brother Faber (A. D. 1430) we are told that the creation took place on the 25th of March, A. M. I. "Adam was a colossal giant, very beautiful, very learned in all liberal arts, especially astrology, geometry, music, grammar, and rhetoric."

Holy Ghost was instantaneous; it was a single and exceptional burst, a momentary elevation. But during those months when her very frame was the shrine of the Christ of God, Mary was habitually steeped in the Spirit, habitually absorbed in the great Presence by which she was inhabited. There is a noble quiet in the one word *said*. But that quiet does not exclude a great and special joy which gushed up within her soul and spirit at the words of Elisabeth. For those words are pervaded not only by enthusiastic acknowledgment of Mary's purity, but by enthusiastic recognition of the secret in her soul, of the truth of which she was the favored depositary. Every one who is possessed by a great unpopular truth finds that unpopularity one of the severest of trials. He may, indeed, and he must bring it forth to others; but he will be plied with sarcasms in the world, with texts and anathemas even in the Church. There is a joy of the purest and rarest kind when some one at last says, "The truth which possesses you has taken possession of me also. I understand you." Such was Mary's joy when she said, in the *rhyme-thought* characteristic of the structure of Hebrew poetry, the second rhythm at once repeating and passing beyond the first:

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit did exult upon that God who is my
Savior.

This song of the Virgin is especially to be noticed for the personal traits of its author that it reveals. Of these *humility* is, no doubt, the chief. She was still mindful of her *low estate*. And for this reason humility is sensitive. It has been beautifully described as "dark-hued and low; it is the violet of the soul." Mary, in the *Magnificat*, does not *profess* humility, she *practices* it. Favored, indeed, she is. Yet she has no thought of that which she is, only of that which, in God's free grace, she has received. In the second line she counts herself among the lost whom he has brought into a state of salvation. Her joy and exultation repose upon that God who is her Savior. Her woman's heart does, indeed, throb as it thinks of the cry which arises from the

heart of redeemed humanity, as it turns to the grace which she has received—
For lo!

from hence on, all the generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath done to me great things,
And holy is his name.

"He who hath a gift," writes an excellent old divine, "and is puffed up by it, is doubly a thief; for he steals the gift and the glory of it also; and both are God's."

Mary's soul is also full of faith in the tenderness and power of God—in the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. "He hath helped his servant Israel," she exclaims, using a word very like that which the author of the epistle to the Hebrews, uses in describing the way in which Jesus laid his helping hand upon, and took very close to him, not the angel's nature, but the true humanity of one born of Abraham's seed. She has the clear conviction that all which is greatest and sweetest in the attributes of God meets in the gift of his dear Son.

He that is mighty hath done to me great things;
and holy is his name.
And his mercy is on them that fear him,
In remembrance of his mercy, as he spake to our fathers.

And she believes intensely in the victory of that Incarnation; in the sure triumph of God. With the instinct of a prophetess, she sees an outline of all history, and compresses and crushes the vast drama into four strong, rugged words—still as the rocks, obscure as the mists or troubled sunlights that veil them, the secrets of God, whose meaning men see when a great revolution is over, and which then goes back into silence for centuries again.

He hath

Put down the lords of dynasties from thrones.

That dethronement includes not Herod only, though it may have begun from the Idumean usurper. Scribes and Pharisees, men of action and science; pontiffs, powerful with a power not of God; men of action which is not heavenly and science which is not true—Mary sees them sink, or their thrones stand untenanted, if they stand at all. Not always by the earthquake of war and revolution. In an old Greek city a modern engineer once remarked a mass of

stone, many tons in weight, lifted up for several feet from the ground and hanging as if suspended in the air. On looking more closely he saw that the root of a huge fig-tree had performed this achievement. By exercising an even, continued pressure every moment of the twenty-four hours for about three centuries, it had fairly lifted off this stupendous weight. Something of this strong yet gentle and gradual work is done by the influence of Christianity. A miracle of lifting is performed. The tyrant is hurled from his throne, "not by might, not by power."

Our Reformers retained this poem in the Reformed Prayer-book. A manual of public prayer, they doubtless thought, would scarcely be complete without the *Magnificat*, and other poems of the New Testament. A Scriptural service should reproduce the Bible essentially. In the Old Testament it should incorporate the Psalms. In the New Testament there are but few divine songs. But there are *some*, and surely they are there for good reasons. We can scarcely fail to remark that there is much caprice in the taste for hymns. One rarely went to a large public service fifteen years ago without hearing "Jerusalem the golden;" how often is it heard now? Hymns which were passionately applauded up to a late period are now branded as belonging to the emotional or sentimental or material or theatrical section of religion. It is, then, in the midst of this fluctuation and mutability a great thing to have some hymns whose permanence is insured by their being strictly Scriptural.

Now the *Magnificat* was breathed by Mary with the Old Testament promise fully before the gaze of her soul. "In remembrance of his mercy," she exclaims, "as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever." She stood, as her song stands with us, between the Testaments.

The Protestant world has sometimes failed properly to recognize the high character and position of Mary. Blessed, because chosen out from all the mothers of Israel

and of the earth, to an inconceivable privilege. Blessed, because consecrated as a temple for the Eternal Word; by ineffable conjunction uniting to himself that human nature which was conceived and born from her. And we purely and Scripturally honor her, not by pompous litanies, with swelling epithets, but by calling her blessed, and by chanting her own sweet and humble prophecy, in which the glory and honor are given not to her, but to her Savior. It goes up, week after week, from millions of worshipers of the Reformed faith. The *Magnificat* of Mary is one of the best antidotes to the litany of Loretto.

Jesus himself teaches us that her blessedness is ours; that so there is a strange family likeness between us and her. "But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples and said, Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." In a family which possesses some one specially gifted member, we often see looks of him in others. So the likeness of Christ is reproduced generation after generation in all the children of God. His spiritual being is reproduced in his holy family. When a woman exclaimed "Blessed is the womb that bare thee," he answered, "Yea, such a blessedness at least for those who hear the Word of God and keep it."

The brute rolling in the dust of our roads is said to have inherited associations of the free desert sands. The dog scraping and turning before he lies down to rest similarly acts from a blind reminiscence, perpetuated in the instincts of his nature, of progenitors in the prairie grass. Much more do men inherit the instinct of that praise, of which the *Magnificat* is the purest expression. Joy and peace is part of our purchased inheritance. "Peace, peace," says the divine original, with the sweet iteration which belongs to the lullaby of God, "whose mind is stayed on thee."

CULTURE AND CHRISTIANITY.

IN fact and in tendency the genius and spirit of Christianity are educatory and culturing. The reasons are good and sufficient. Intelligence, truth, and Christian culture are closely related. True wisdom is sound knowledge put to winning, useful, and effective practice. Both prophetically and historically Christianity is intimately related to the intelligence and wisdom of the past, of the present, and of the future. It sends its roots into, and is an outgrowth of the intelligence, culture, and wisdom of the divine and historic past. It declares and somewhat outlines the scholarship and wisdom of the future, as it certainly is the exponent of present civilization. From him who was "learned in all the wisdom of Egypt," from the sage of Idumea, whose profound thought, large conceptions, accurate knowledge, and advanced philosophy only equaled his admirable and exemplary piety, through prophets and poets, through the greatest of Hebrew poets and musicians, down to him whose proverbs and songs are gems of beauty and wisdom, and whose knowledge and experience were then unsurpassed, all was on a high plain of thought and culture.

As the highest order of inspiration quickened and broadened those who were prophetically and historically related to Christianity, so also "wise men of the East," by their personal presence and by the costly offerings which they brought to the infant Jesus, indicated and foreshadowed the intellectual genius and culture, the spirit and tendency of Christianity. Always among the foremost in varied culture and practical wisdom, the Hebrew and Jewish race gave noble character, educational equipoise, and mental soundness to the apostles of our Lord. Of this their writings and lives give abundant evidence. St. Paul, well instructed in both Hebrew and Grecian letters, taught in his epistles and life that courtesy and forebearance, that deference and love which tend to a high degree of culture. It is not strange,

therefore, but in harmony with the analogy of things and with the demands of society that Christian experience is in the line of a graceful education and of cultured thought. It always animates soul, quickens thought, and induces gentleness and courtesy. Awakening new emotions, kindling new and holy desires, its tendency is to inquiry, research, and careful regard as to whatever improves mind, beautifies character, and awakens generous impulses. It can not be otherwise. Because of Christian experience and of the special lines of thought on which it places him, a Christian is led to such feelings and deportment as are ennobling and refining. The educational tides and influences of the world have for two thousand years had their origin and inspiration in the spirit, genius, and truths of Christianity, so much and so truly so that the Christian centuries have ever been characterized for educational institutions, educated men, and a tendency to refined society.

The earnest advice of the broad-minded, scholarly, and cultured Apostle Paul to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," is applicable now as then to the laity as to the ministry, and to young people of all time. And that Christians may be fitted for their greatest usefulness, the apostle exhorts: "Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation. Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Meditate on these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all." In these and all similar advices there is sound philosophy.

Consisting as we do of soul and body, of intellect and brains, we are capable of and we need nourishment, discipline, and culture for the whole person. Body and soul need to be so harmoniously educated as that they shall be in happy accord and mutually helpful. "A sound mind in a sound body,"

is fully in the line of Christian teaching and character. As suitable food and exercise meet the demands of the one, so useful reading, careful study, and generous education meet the demands of the other, and aid in improving moral and spiritual character. Character is built up somewhat slowly, item by item, element by element. Truth is the working and feeding aliment. Reading and mental culture in the realms of science, of history, of the arts, and the humanities, are the means. Christian character and culture demand and utilize all appliances as taught in the Bible. "Bodily exercise profiteth a little;" but that godliness which includes a high degree of wisdom and spirituality, of love and purity, of "righteousness and true holiness," "is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." In this way it is that mental culture, under the patronage and within the sweep of Christian appliances, beautifies character and adorns the life. Instances are abundant. Biography records them. They who take the lead in effective reforms, who plan wisely and execute well, are persons of more or less mental culture and grace of manner. Mind is suggestive and fertile of good somewhat in proportion to the kind and quality of its resources. And reading, meditation, and study are legitimate means and helps to large and virtuous resources of thought and usefulness.

"That a soul be without knowledge, it is not good." "Add to your virtue knowledge." "He that winneth souls is wise." The first of these passages contains a profound truth. Knowledge is to the soul what food is to the body. The second teaches an important Christian duty. A knowledge of facts in science, of truths in morals, and of principles in religion, is the basis of a mental culture requisite to *win souls* to purity and truth. This is seen in the study and use of the fine arts, in the practice of the courtesies and civilities of life, and in the exhibition of the tender humanities of a Christian character, example, and influence. "Be pitiful, be courteous" is an apostolic advice and a Christian duty that comports with doing whatsoever things are true, are honest, are

just, are pure, are lovely, and are of good report. The Golden Rule, which the Roman Emperor Severus caused to be placed over the door of his palace, that it might be read by all entering in, embodies and expresses the highest style of culture. It implies, also, as its solid and enduring foundation, the principles and facts of Christian experience and life. "Be ye kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love," is a Christian duty that involves the same things, and is tenderly and sweetly shown in the reciprocal relations of life. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness." "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." These advices acted on evince the milder graces of the several relations of life, as they do the better elements of a cultured and model character. They, therefore, who read and think, who study and work, who smile and speak for the double purpose of harmoniously developing the whole mind, soul, and spirit, the emotions and the intellect, and for the purpose of furnishing it with practical and useful knowledge, are the best educated, the most cultured, and the best models. It should be the aim of individuals, of families, of schools, of communities, and of Churches to promote this high degree of intelligence and winning culture.

For the sake of a sound and discriminating judgment, of a wisely tenacious memory, and of a pure and discreet imagination, *intellect* should be variously and wisely educated. For the sake of an amiable disposition and good morals the *heart* or the *sensibilities* should have a Christian culture that reaches deeper than mere emotion or idle curiosity, that is stronger than superstition, error, frivolity, or sin, and that purifies and rectifies the conscience. That kind and style of mental culture is the best and safest which feeds, strengthens, and unfolds the intellect, which purifies and ennobles the heart, and which frees the will from error and sin. As in the human face and body, as in statuary and painting, and as in all art, symmetry and proportion, grace and beauty, are deemed essential to perfection; so do they contribute to a good education and to Christian culture. But they who are careless as to what they

do, or whether they do any thing well; as to what they read, or whether they read any thing; as to their associations, amusements, and habits—who care little whether they violate the laws of body and of mind or not; whether they live in ignorance, idleness, and vice—*these* disregard the principles of sound and attractive mental culture. Christian thought and culture tend to build up and consolidate, to purify and adorn character and open life. The emphatic “I will that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness [reverence] and sobriety; not with braided hair or gold or pearls or costly array; but with good works,” is virtually applicable to *men* also in their personal appearance and manners, and in their several relations and situations. A beautiful symbol of this commendable grace of modesty is the pearl, of which an old writer tersely says: “Forasmuch as the pearl is a product of life, which life from an inward trouble and sorrow and from a fault produces purity and perfection, it is preferred; for in nothing does God so much delight himself as in the tenderness and luster of virtue born of trouble and repentance.”

Indications in the Church and in society seem hopeful that general intelligence and wide-spread morality, that sound education and mental culture are on the increase, and will be in the ascendant, that Christian graces will yet exceed popular vices, and that all fictitious caste will be excluded refined Christian society. Mere intellectual improvement, however, fails to secure the most desirable achievements and best results, except as it is considered to be a Christian duty and is maintained in the several relations of life. This fact was understood by the apostles of Christianity, or they had not directed their earliest and chief efforts to the great centers of intelligence, letters, and philosophy—to Athens, Rome, Corinth, the cities of Asia Minor, and to Jerusalem. From these and other centers of trade and commerce, of science and art, they gradually and wisely went into the tributary streams and into the outflowing currents of society. To such like centers do Christians now direct their chief efforts. It is wise.

VOL. VII.—33

But it is so only or largely because of the relations of Christianity to mental culture as a duty.

Some years ago two intelligent but uneducated men of color came to my study for consultation in reference to the improvement of their race; and one of them said: “Something must be done for the education of our people, or I do n’t know what will become of us. Without it we are like a man without a tongue. What would a mute give for a speaking tongue? What would *we* give for the advantages of education?”

Thus far in this essay no reference has been made to sexual distinctions in the matter of mental culture as a Christian duty, and for good reasons. Mind knows no sex; and yet in its manifestations it is somewhat modified by physical structure or bodily organization, as also by the position and vocation and by the relations and duties of life. But there is nothing in the structure of the body nor of the brain which shows that the animating and thinking soul of woman may not and should not be fitted to her duties and offices and enjoyments. For the duties, courtesies, and unbanities deemed requisite to her sphere of action, her education should be both intellectual and graceful, solid and adorning. She is the companion of man, the ornament of home, the conservator of society, the educator of the race. And whoever thinks that her chief end is to be dressed as a doll or plaything, and to be fondled and gallanted by shallow-brained fops, is much mistaken. In her is a charm of person far superior to external adornments. What makes the family circle more inviting than does an intelligent and cultivated Christian mother, or than do intelligent and genteel daughters and sons? But as physical organizations differ, there is needed a corresponding difference in the character and quality of education. The mental culture of women should be made up of matters of fact and of grace. The solid and structural should consist of the facts of science, of the truths of philosophy, and of the graces of religion. The ornamental should consist of whatever in art and culture, in style and manners, gives

true refinement. To solid intellectuality should be added the graces of Christian amiability and courtesy, activity, and usefulness.

In this line of thought an eloquent writer and brilliant lecturer says: "By the cultivation of the aesthetic and ideal, a poor woman enjoys the gladness of the garden from the geranium in her window, and the coal miner in his dark cavern builds brilliant castles in the air. Jonathan Edwards would walk in the fields and murmur in harmony with the locusts and the bees. Goethe said, 'Cultivate the beautiful and the useful will take care of itself.' Imprisoned in this clay, the soul craves celestial beauty. John Stuart Mill delighted in music and poetry. Frederick the Great daily gave one hour to his flute and two to his library. Quaint Thomas & Kempis's idea of heart's ease was 'to be in a nook with a book.' The aesthetic faculty is blended with the religious. Happiness has its roots in the heart, and its flowers in the soul." Examples equally illustrative of the blending of the solid and ornamental in mental culture might be adduced from the wide galaxy of cultivated and literary women.

Thus far we have written on the borderline of a positive Christian character as the highest inspiration to and the chief ornament of a sound, pure, and ornate mental culture. As the twelve precious stones in the breastplate of the high-priest, representing the twelve tribes of Israel and their several tribal characteristics, education and morals, were suspended in suitable settings from crystal buttons on his shoulders, so the graces and adornments of mental culture should and do hang gracefully from "pearls of great price." The heart is the seat and center, the fountain and the receiver of religious and spiritual life and beauty. For the sake of its best culture and government, for the sake of the highest and holiest duties, and because of its relations to the entire mental nature, and, indeed, to the bodily tastes, appetites, and habits, it needs to be "pure, right, and good." As diamonds artistically cut and highly polished are both more beautiful and valuable than in the

rough or than spoiled, so our minds educated and cultured, fashioned and beautified by the graces of Christian character, are the more valuable, useful, and ornamental. Intelligence, culture, and Christian experience constitute the triple excellencies which make up a model character. The basis of intelligence is natural, inherited, and God-given. It belongs to us. Its acquisitions and products depend much on personal and social efforts of reading and study, and of a wise use of what we acquire and know. It is superior to instinct, to intuition, and to what is commonly called genius. But there may be intelligence and practical knowledge without the culture advocated in these pages. Mind can be corrupt. Knowledge can be misused. Habits may be perverse. Heart can be sinful. It is sometimes so in the case of those who think dry wit, quaintness, and personal independence are marks of originality and genius. But when associated with and adorned by mental culture, even these traits win some esteem and gracious circles in life. As in the productions of art the beautiful, chaste, and solid gracefully blended are most admired, so are they in the best living models of all art—less in outward attire and material adornments than in mental culture and in the grace of gentle demeanor. Culture is as certainly a part of good education as is the acquisition of varied and useful knowledge. It makes what we know and use winning, captivating, effective. It adjusts suitable frames to life-pictures. It gives to living and polished jewels appropriate settings. What green and blooming trailings, and what running and fruit-bearing vines often are to otherwise rugged and barren rocks and to humble-dwellings, the graces of culture are to a person, to a family, and to society.

If to these be added Christian experience and character, we have, in a measure, suited to the peculiarities of each those beautiful graces of religion which are every-where commended in the Sacred Scriptures. Being the seat of all emotion, the cradle of all sensibility, the nursery of all passion, the heart needs that high degree of culture which only Christian experience and life-

can give. Being strongly inclined to evil, there is special need that this susceptible center of emotions be brought under the power of sterling Christian purpose, thought, and principle.

Very closely related to the heart is the imagination, whose wings of fancy and reverie float as easily and as variously as do the white clouds of Summer. And this brilliant power of soul is a creature of education, and may become dark and foul; or it may be pure and saintly, enrobing every thing with the "beauty of holiness." The designed and appropriate offices of this buoyant faculty are to make all ugliness repulsive and all sin a reproach, to beautify truth, to adorn thought, to make virtue attractive, to give luster to character, and

"Fire-tipped and upward borne,"

to wing the soul to God and heaven.

A sound religious education, in accordance with the teachings of Christianity, is also the best guarantee of a "good conscience," whose sight is clear, whose ear is sensitive, and whose whispers are echoed voicings of the spirit of truth and grace within. An intuitional element of soul, conscience is scarcely less a creature of education, of early teachings, and of use, than is the eye or other sense. It is the

moral sense; and yet its goodness or its badness depends largely on the character and culture of the heart, on the correctness of the judgment, and on the purity of settled convictions. If well informed, if uncorrupted, if holding its divinely designed relations to the whole spiritual nature of man, its intuitions and its decisions and its voicings will be right and good.

In the light of all these things we see something of the importance of a sound and well-rounded education, of the bearings of mental culture, and, from a Christian standpoint, of the *duty* of so educating the young as that, in the beautiful conceptions of the inspired Psalmist, "children shall be like olive-plants round about thy table," and "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." Considered in reference to a beautiful and well formed character, mental culture is a Christian duty that deserves the profound consideration of both the old and the young. In this way will they both "adorn themselves in that which is not corruptible, even a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price, and adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things."

THE STORY OF A STRANGE FAMILY.

A STRANGE and horrible family history is that of the Sansons of Paris, who were for two hundred years the hereditary executioners of the court of criminal justice in Paris. Their career began under Louis XIV, in the seventeenth century, and it was still going on in the reign of Louis Philippe in the nineteenth. Kingdoms had passed into republics, republics into consulates, consulates into empires, and still they held their post. They were at times brought into very close contact with persons of all classes. King and criminal, peer and peasant, priest, and scholar, all were subject to them without appeal in the supreme moment of their lives. None resisted their de-

cree, for they were but the tools of a mightier power. Amid carnage and terror they stood fast, growing ever in wealth and infamy.

The last of the Sansons has given a curious family history, from which the materials for this sketch are taken. He traces back his lineage with manifest pride to the times of the crusaders. A Sanson was Seneschal to Robert Diable, duke of Normandy. He hints at even greater antiquity, but modestly pronounces this but a tradition and quickly returns to facts. He dwells fondly upon the memory of Nicholas Sanson, "one of the fathers of modern geography," esteemed and honored by Richelieu, and selected by Louis XIII as his host, on a visit of that

monarch to Abbeville in 1638. At this time the Sansons belonged to the higher ranks of the *bourgeoisie*.

Charles Sanson de Longval was the first of the family who accepted the post, or, as one author has it, "adopted the profession," of executioner. After seven years spent in more extensive travel than was common at that day, he had entered the army, where he held the rank of lieutenant. His regiment, in the year 1662, was quartered at Dieppe, where, through an accident, he formed the acquaintance of a beautiful girl, Marguerite Jouanne. For a long time he had no idea of her real circumstances; but, discovering her at last to be the daughter of the executioner, he sought her to bid her farewell forever. The story is a tragic and a touching one; but we have no time to dwell upon it. In the end love and remorse conquered, and he accepted the only terms upon which Pierre Jouanne would give him his daughter to wife, that of, in his turn, adopting the "profession" of public executioner. That he repented the step, we can not say; that the duties of the post were abhorrent to him, we know; but the deed was done, and from father to son the office descended, until, in 1847, the last survivor succeeded in freeing himself from the terrible fetters which his ancestors had assumed.

In the light of the doctrine of heredity this family history might offer a curious study. Surely one might be inclined to think a family which for two hundred years lived by the blood of its fellow beings must be thoroughly hardened, brutalized if you will, inaccessible to the softer emotions of humanity. We figure each of its members to ourselves as a species of ghoul or vampire, reveling amidst horrors which sicken us, gloating over the sufferings of his victims, without one pang of pity or remorse. And yet, to this picture to which our reason and our instinct assent, these memoirs (whether truly or not) give the lie. In the course of time, it is true, a horrible species of morbid pride developed itself (in what soil will it not flourish?) which kept them at their post when nature sickened and revolted; but even the lurid and bloody figure of the ex-

ecutioner of the revolution, hardest and most brutal of all the Sansons, is lightened by some gleams of humanity. We see the prisoners led to the scaffold amidst the jeers and insults of the populace, when the only soul to pity them, the only tongue to utter a word of courage and consolation is that of the executioner. We see him, out of compassion for the tortures of his victims, defying the law in order to give the sufferers a speedier release. We see him fainting and faltering beneath his horrible task, sustained only by this curious, distorted sense of family honor and duty to the state. True, these memoirs are written by the descendant of the Sansons, and we must make allowances for the effect of family pride and affection, but may we not believe that, even amidst these men of infamy and horror, all humanity had not been crushed out, even by their bloody and revolting work?

Strange to say, those who were sternest and most implacable in their determination that the office should be kept in the family were not those who were allied to it by blood, and in whom the influence of heredity might be supposed to work; but outsiders, who were allied to it only by marriage. When Charles Sanson, the second in the succession, died, in 1726, he left two sons, the elder of whom was but seven years old. Then the fatal office would have passed into other hands but for the determination of the widow, Martha Dubut. She succeeded in her determination to preserve the heritage to her children, and *questionnaires* were appointed to discharge the duties in the name of the little Charles Jean Baptiste during his minority. In the year 1754, Jean Baptiste was struck with paralysis. As his eldest son was but fifteen, the office was a second time in danger of passing from the family. Again Martha Dubut came forward, and, proving her grandson Charles Henri Sanson to be capable of filling the position, secured his appointment. From this time he superintended the executions in the place of his father, who regained his former energy only upon one occasion, the circumstances connected with which are sufficiently curious to warrant their narration.

One evening many years before, a party of young men had lost their way in one of the suburbs of Paris. In the midst of their bewilderment they came upon a large house in which it was evident that a festivity of some sort was going on. With the audacity of youth they requested permission to enter and join in the merriment. The master of the house, whose marriage was being thus celebrated, consented to their request, but warned them that they might regret their action on learning the name and rank of their hosts. Nothing daunted, however, the young men still persisted, and, in spite of the dark and saturnine countenances of the greater number of the company, spent a merry night. As they were about to leave, the bride-groom again approached them, asking whether they had no curiosity to learn his name and rank. The name was Jean Baptiste Sanson, the rank, Executioner of Paris. To all but one of the young men the news was a shock, but the handsomest of them all laughed lightly. He had long wished, he said, to make the acquaintance of one of these gentry, and, now that he had at last done so, he begged that M. Sanson would show them his instruments. His request being granted, he examined the swords with the deepest interest. One in particular excited his curiosity, and he asked many questions, to which Jean Baptiste Sanson replied that if fate ever brought them together in a more public capacity, he would promise the young man that his sufferings should be short.

Thirty-five years later a brave old man was sentenced to death for mistakes and misdemeanors during his Indian career, which, in the eyes of his judges, assumed the proportions of crimes. This old man was Count de Lally-Tollendal, and he it was to whom Jean Baptiste Sanson had made the above singular promise. In the mean time Jean Baptiste had become paralyzed, and his son Charles Henri discharged the functions of his office, though his father was still present at the executions. The old man (Count Lally) was brought to the scaffold gagged, but Jean Baptiste approaching him, removed the gag and bowing respectfully said:

"M. le Comte, I am master here. As it happened thirty-five years ago, you are my guest. Accept the supreme hospitality which I then promised you. You can speak if you like."

"I have spoken enough to man, I have now to speak to God," was the reply, and, after a short prayer, he laid his head calmly upon the block.

Charles Henri raised the sword which thirty-five years before Count Lally had handled; but the first blow failed. The old man sprang to his feet and turned a look of anger and reproach upon his torturer. At this horrible sight Jean Baptiste for one instant regained the strength of which for twelve years he had been deprived. Springing forward he caught the sword from his son's hand, and with one blow released the sufferer.

One of the incidents in these memoirs which strikes us as most singular, befell this Charles Henri Sanson. He, if we can judge from the narrator's account, showed the traces of his ancient lineage in his manners and bearing. Handsome, polished, and courtly, he delighted to set off his natural advantages by the aid of rich and becoming dress. On one occasion, in the course of a sporting tour, he encountered at an inn a certain Mme. la Marquise, who was on her way from her country-seat to Paris. Encouraged by her he entered into conversation and they finally dined in company. Scarcely had M. Sanson left the inn, when a gentleman, who had recognized him, informed Mme. la Marquise of the name and position of her late companion. She was cast into a state of horror and disgust at the news, called for water to wash the hands which had been contaminated by the touch of an executioner, and, on arriving at Paris, petitioned parliament for the punishment of the man who had, from her point of view, insulted her. M. Sanson, finding it impossible to obtain a barrister to defend him, was obliged to plead his own cause.

The same question virtually was brought up some time later in the form of a discussion before the National Assembly in 1789, as to the rights of executioners as regards

the privileges of citizenship. After some discussion the question was decided by the words of Robespierre: "It can never be said in this assembly that a necessary function of the law can be branded by the law. Such a law must be changed."

M. Sanson's curious petition on this occasion shows that the candidates for the office of executioner must be men of good character and that they take the oath like any other public functionary. The whole petition is a curious specimen of plausible reasoning and indignant protest against real or fancied injustice. He shows by numerous examples that the office of executioner was formerly held to be a highly honorable one, and this even in France; dwells upon the virtues of some well-known members of the "profession," and closes with a request that a fine of one hundred livres may be exacted from those who apply the term *bourreau* to an executioner. The assembly treated the petition with a silence which M. Sanson was obliging enough to consider satisfactory.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn the origin of the obnoxious term to which M. Sanson objected. It is derived from the name of one Borel, who, in 1620, combined the duties of priest and executioner. As, however, the Church objects to the shedding of blood, he employed a layman to discharge his duties in the latter capacity. Thence it became customary to speak of executioners as Boreaux, and gradually the orthography was changed to its present form of bourreaux.

A curious history is given of the abolition of tortures in connection with public executions: Jean Lonschart, the son of a smith at Versailles, was sentenced to death for the murder of his father, Mathurin Lonschart. The provocation had been terrible; the murder so purely accidental that until the son was arrested he was ignorant that his father had even been injured. As he was rushing from the shop after a violent quarrel he had flung behind him a hammer which, striking the father upon the head, had killed him instantly. The court condemned him to death; the populace, convinced of the injustice of the sentence, determined upon

his rescue. Already the first ripples of the Revolution had spread throughout the land. The people had awakened at last to a sense of their injuries and their power. On the day of the execution the erection of the scaffold went on unimpeded by the throng which watched it, but the eye of the executioner had marked the gathering of the storm. Suddenly the crowd surged forward, the prisoner was snatched from the very steps of the scaffold. The executioner—Charles Henri Sanson—supposed that his last hour had come, but he was passed in safety through the crowd with the exhortation, "Henceforth, Charlot, you must kill your customers without making them suffer." The scaffold was torn to pieces, the fragments piled together, the heap crowned with the horrible wheel, and fired. Around this bonfire men and women, with hand linked in hand, danced madly until the last plank was consumed.

This was probably the first step in the direction of a mitigated form of capital punishment. Toward the end of the year 1789 Dr. Guillotin, deputy of the *tiers état* of Paris, presented for consideration a law by which decapitation was made the punishment for all capital offenses without distinction of rank. Up to this time the mode of death had been curiously proportioned (or disproportional) to the gravity of the offense, but the wheel had obtained a horrible predominance. Dr. Guillotin also urged the adoption of some mechanical means of execution to prevent the recurrence of the revolting scenes only too common, where the sufferings of the victim were frightfully prolonged and aggravated. At this time, though several such machines had been invented and even used, none of them had attained the requisite degree of perfection. Dr. Guillotin and Charles Henri Sanson consulted together on the subject, but for a long time in vain. At last, however, one Schmidt, a German engineer and musician, with whom M. Sanson was in the habit of playing duets, solved the problem. M. Sanson happened to mention to him the subject of their perplexity. M. Schmidt, after a moment's hesitation, took up a piece of paper and sketched

upon it the form of the guillotine, which which was afterwards adopted. In other accounts Schmidt is spoken of as the carpenter who constructed it; but M. Sanson contradicts this, affirming that Schmidt had been restrained by conscientious scruples from communicating his idea before. The carpenter to whom its construction was finally intrusted was named Guidon. Not the least curious circumstance connected with the affair is that the king (Louis XVI), hearing of the new invention from his physician, Dr. Louis, expressed a desire to examine the model himself. M. Sanson took it to the Tuileries, where the king examined it carefully, and expressed his satisfaction with it, except as regarded the shape of the knife, which, he said, would not suit all throats. M. Sanson admitted that the criticism was a just one, and the king, whose mechanical tastes are well known, taking up a pin, altered the shape of the knife from a crescent to the oblique form which was afterwards adopted. When this objection was first pointed out M. Sanson noticed that the king's own throat was precisely the shape to which the knife, in its first form, was not adapted. Did the king remember this scene on his next meeting with Charles Henri Sanson on the 21st of January, 1793?

"It seems as if you had made a revolution only to give me work!" cried the executioner, in the midst of the bloody scenes of that fearful era.

Over nearly two hundred and fifty pages of the memoirs the story spreads, painting for us, from the inside, the history of those dark days, a story of reckless and unbridled brutality, of despair, of horror. Yet, here and there, even amidst these wild and bloody scenes, are scattered fragments full of heroic tenderness, or grim, fantastic humor.

"Bind these hands, which were the first to sign the declaration of the rights of man!" cries Barnave, holding out his wrists calmly to the executioner.

"I can only spare you the sight of blood; go first, poor man!" says Mme. Roland, compassionately, to her trembling, fainting companion upon the scaffold.

"Look at me," exclaims the young wife of Camille Desmoulins, "and say whether my face is that of a woman who needs consolation? My only wish since Camille's death has been to join him. If I did not detest those who have condemned me, because they murdered the best and most honest of men, I would bless them for the boon they confer upon me;" and so dies "without even turning pale."

A certain Englishman visits Charles Henri Sanson, and offers him money if he will allow him to act as his assistant for a single day. On being questioned, he declares his sole motive for the request to be curiosity. He had come to Paris to see a revolution of which the whole world is talking, and does not wish to return without having witnessed every phase of it. Sanson refuses his request, warning him that if he achieve his object he will in all probability be detected and executed as a spy. The Englishman listens composedly, and avows his fixed intention of assisting at an execution in spite of M. Sanson. Two or three weeks pass, and no more is heard of him. On the 4th Germinal eighteen prisoners are to be executed. When the carts come up to convey them to the scaffold, M. Sanson perceives among the drivers one with a fair beard. It is again the Englishman, still bent upon the gratification of his innocent curiosity. He has found the assistants more accessible to bribes than the executioner. M. Sanson refrains from attracting attention to him, but simply remarking that there are more carts than are needful, orders him to return with the one under his charge. The Englishman hesitates, but the *gens d'armes* are near, and he finally drives off with an "*Au revoir!*" If he made any further attempts in the same direction he did so undetected. Let us hope that his modest ambition was at last gratified!

Thus the dreary record goes on; but at length the executioner's nerve is failing him under the accumulated horrors.

"There are those who smile when I appear," he says. "These smiles produce a singular effect upon me. Experience has made me callous, and I can bear the horror

with which we executioners are regarded; but to get accustomed to people who almost say, 'Thank you,' when they are led to the guillotine is more difficult."

What those times were, we all know. All have figured to themselves, more or less vividly, the unutterable horrors of the Reign of Terror. What wonder that they unnerved him to whom the whole mystery of horror was most fully laid bare? His father, Jean Baptiste Sanson, and he had been the two of the family who had been most thoroughly reconciled to their position, who, indeed, "almost liked their work." Where others failed, they had stood firm; but even this stern and bloody man is overcome at last. After the execution of Cécile Renaud and Ladmiral (the would-be assassins of Robespierre and Collet), together with fifty-two others, he writes:

"I do not boast of extraordinary squeamishness; I have seen too much blood in my life not to be callous. If what I feel is not pity it must be a derangement of my nerves. Perhaps I am punished by the Almighty for my cowardly obedience to mock justice."

Horrible visions haunt his mind; his hands tremble; his nerve fails him. The present loses its reality, and he performs the duties of his office in a horrible dream. Nemesis has overtaken him at last, in spite of his distorted ideas of honor and duty. More than once he succumbs entirely, and "nearly faints," or is obliged to leave the scaffold and return home.

For him the end comes none too soon. Robespierre falls, and with him the reign of carnage ceases. The public is sated with blood, and the executioner may rest at last from his labors. What rest could be his; the old man, whose eyes are haunted by the sight of the blood he has spilled, in whose ears rings forever the last shriek of his victims, the dull thud of the falling ax? Two more glimpses of him are given to us. In his old age he finds his chief pleasure in cultivating his garden. Strange contrast to his former employment! Yet even here the memories of the past are present with him, for his little grandson hears him mutter as he pauses before a bed of bright red tulips:

"How fresh; how red they are! If they saw them, they would say that I water them with blood!"

Yet neither honor nor remorse prevent the stern old man from driving his grandson on in the path which all the family have followed, since Sanson de Longval loved the executioner's daughter. Half an hour before his death he calls his son Henri to his bedside to receive his last words. These words are a repetition of the curious, distorted conviction of duty and honor which has kept him firm at his post through life. He charges him never to forsake the hereditary "profession." He tells him that to give up his office would be a desertion of duty, a breach of family honor; that, moreover, it would be useless, because, whatever path he might choose the hereditary stigma would still cling to him. Yet he assures him that, though men may despise and, indeed, insult him, they will do it without just grounds.

"Do not forget," he says, "that the judge who passes sentence is more responsible than you are."

The father had not intended that his son should follow in the family footsteps, but the words of the grandfather seal his fate. At first, however, he is kept in ignorance of his hereditary position. He is educated as other boys are, and does not suspect the fatal barrier between him and his fellows, but the awakening, when it comes, is only the more cruel. He has formed an intimate friendship with one of his school-mates, and the friendships of boyhood are very true and tender. One day he enters the school-room and finds every thing changed. All his school-mates avoid him, and this intimate friend among the rest. Hurt and wounded, the poor little Henri will not at first demand an explanation, but his grief will not long be borne in silence. For sole answer to his questions, his former friend sketches upon a bit of paper the figure of a guillotine, with victim and executioner, and writing below it, "*Tuus pater carnifex!*" holds it towards him. The whole terrible mystery suddenly bursts upon the boy's mind. Perplexities of the past become clear in the light of this revelation. Overpowered by

agony he rushes home and faints at his mother's feet.

The mother would have saved him from the family fate, but the father is inexorable. He strives to resign himself, but his loathing for his future grows more and more insupportable. He, you see, has not been prepared for his position like the rest of the family, and, in his case, heredity without education proves but a frail reed. He might have cast off the fetters, you say? But it must be a very exceptional boy of thirteen—a French boy, too—who can successfully defy his family, with the traditions of six generations behind them. The grandmother, too, like Martha Dubut in a former generation, endeavors, by her sophistical arguments, to reconcile him to his fate. He yields at last, but, overcome with horror at his first execu-

tion, is obliged to leave every thing to his assistants, and finally runs away. After that he becomes more callous, though, according to his own account, he never entirely loses his natural horror of his "profession." As long as his father lives he resigns all hope of escape, and, dying, that father exacts from the son a promise that he will never voluntarily give up his office. He keeps his word, but deliberately neglects the duties of his profession, in the hope, which is finally fulfilled, that he may be dismissed from his office.

And so, at last, the family of Sanson sinks out of public sight the fondest hope of the survivor being that their very memory may be lost forever, leaving as a legacy to the world only this most curious chapter of history.

LES PETITES.

A FEW years since, one of our most eminent artists produced a painting that, at the time, called forth considerable notice and praise from art critics all over the country. It was called "The Court Favorite," and represented a dwarf, tricked out in the gayest of court finery, descending the broad stairway of a grand palace, while at the foot a group of magnificently attired courtiers stand with reverently bowed and uncovered heads as if in the presence of royalty itself.

The proud and supercilious air of the little man is curiously contrasted with the suspicious look upon his face, as he casts a half-triumphant, half jealous look at the courtly sycophants, as if suspecting, in spite of himself, the secret scorn that underlies all this politic air of deference and respect.

Besides the amusement and pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of this picture, there is to the curious in such matters food for reflection upon the lives and characters of a class of human beings who, unfortunate in their partial isolation from their fellow creatures, have yet, in many cases,

played no unimportant part in the world, where they seem to have been intended by nature to fill only very insignificant places.

Far back in an early period of the world's history we find honorable mention made of the most celebrated of these "little folks," whose minds seem to have risen far superior to the puny tenements that they were forced to occupy. Hippocrates tells us of a poet named Philetas, a contemporary of his own, who was so exceedingly diminutive that he was forced to carry leaden weights in his pockets to keep himself from being blown away by the wind. He was an accomplished scholar, and was preceptor to Ptolemy Philadelphus. Another poet called Aristratus is mentioned, of whom it is gravely recorded that he was "so small that nobody could see him,"—a curious exaggeration, reminding one of the fable of the nymph "Echo," whose only possession was a voice.

A noted logician and philosopher of Alexandria, named Alypias, was but one foot five inches and a half high; while Julia, the niece of Agustus, had two learned dwarfs, a male and female, each of whom was but two-

feet and a hand breadth in height. The emperor himself introduced upon the stage a noted actor whose stature was but two feet.

Throughout the Middle Ages, and even in modern times, these diminutive specimens of humanity have, in many cases, enjoyed the patronage and favor of the greatest sovereigns the world over—petted and pampered at court, yet, like all other playthings, subject to the caprices and ridicule of their royal patrons, who seem seldom to have realized that, however diminutive the body, its owner might have a soul as sensitive and proud as that of the noblest courtier in their train.

Of Peter the Great it is recorded that he found much delight and amusement during his leisure hours in romping with and petting his dwarfish playfellows, of whom he had seven. It was a favorite jest with him at his numerous feasts, to order a dwarf served up in a pastry—a female dwarf for the gentlemen's table, and a male for that of the ladies. These tiny creatures, at a given signal, emerged from their strange prison house and danced or performed acrobatic feats upon the table for the amusement of their royal master and his guests.

Several of Peter's biographers mention, as a proof of his natural kindness of heart, a little incident that occurred during his celebrated visit to England in the early part of his reign. Coaches had been provided by the English monarch to convey his royal visitor about London, on a sight-seeing excursion, and just as they were about to start it was found that there was no room in the czar's coach for his favorite dwarf, who always accompanied him upon his travels. The attendants motioned the manikin to another carriage, but Peter interfered, and settled the matter by taking the little fellow on his own knee, a seat of honor that he occupied with undisguised triumph during the entire drive.

One of the most celebrated dwarfs of which history retains a record is Sir Geoffry Hudson, favorite, courtier, and soldier in the court of the unfortunate Charles I, and a special favorite of his beautiful queen Henrietta Maria, to whose service the

doughty little champion considered himself specially dedicated.

His first appearance at court was in a pie served up for her majesty at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham, who, with mock ceremony, presented him as a gift to her amidst the laughter and applause of the delighted courtiers. He was at that time eight years of age, and only eighteen inches high, but when thirty years old he began to grow until he reached the height of three feet nine inches.

Although so diminutive in body, the little man seems to have been both sagacious and brave, with a high sense of his own personal importance that furnished a never-failing source of amusement for the fun-loving gallants of the court. One of these frolics had, however, so tragical a termination that men became more wary of sharpening their wits at the expense of the fiery little brave. A Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of high family and a great favorite at court, carried his jests upon the dwarf so far that the latter deemed it necessary to resent the insult, and sent him a formal challenge, which was with all due solemnity accepted. But taking advantage of his right as the challenged party to choose his weapons, Crofts appeared upon the field armed with a huge squirt-gun with which he gravely proceeded to drench his enraged and mortified opponent. This was an indignity that only blood could wash out, and Sir Geoffry insisted on having his satisfaction with pistols. Mr. Crofts was forced at last to consent, and was instantly shot through the heart by the unerring bullet of the despised dwarf.

The face and figure of this remarkable creature were immortalized by the brush of Vandyke, from which painting it is probable that Scott drew his characteristic pen-portrait that all readers of "Peveril of the Peak" will be sure to remember:

"Geoffry Hudson, although a dwarf of the least possible size, had nothing positively ugly in his countenance, or actually distorted in his limbs. His head, hands, and feet were, indeed, large and disproportioned to his height, and his body itself was much thicker than was consistent with symmetry,

but in a degree that was rather ludicrous than disagreeable to look upon."

Faithful among the faithless, the bold dwarf led a troop of horse at the battle of Marston Moor, where in defense of his imperiled master he fought with a courage and desperation that might have shamed many a tall cavalier who fled ignominiously from that bloody field of doom. After Charles II's restoration this faithful little adherent of his unlucky house basked for a short season once more in the familiar sunshine of court favor. But his season of prosperity was short; for being suspected of having been connected with the celebrated "Popish Plot," the poor little man ended his life in the gloom and obscurity of a prison, having reached the advanced age of sixty-one years.

A counterpart to the fidelity and courage of this faithful servant of an unfortunate master is found in the favorite dwarf of Marie Antoinette, who, when the palace of the Tuilleries was besieged by an infuriated Parisian mob, aided most effectually in its defense by mounting to the roof in full view of the howling demons below, and pouring down hot, melted lead upon the heads of those who were trying to force the doors of the palace that they might glut their rage upon its helpless inmates.

Another notable dwarf was Count Joseph Borowlaski, a Polish nobleman, born in the year 1739, of ordinary sized parents who, in a family of six children, had three who were dwarfs of the most diminutive stature. Joseph wrote a history of his own life, in which he mentions that his eldest brother was three feet six inches, himself two feet and four inches at the age of twenty, while a younger sister, who died at the age of twenty-three, was so small that she could stand beneath his outstretched arm. At the age of fifteen he went to Vienna, where he was presented at the court of the Empress Maria Theresa, who seems to have been perfectly delighted with the handsome courtly little gentleman. His wit and tact never failed him under any circumstances, and when the empress, who was at war with Frederic of Prussia, asked his opinion of that

monarch, the tiny courtier's gallant reply was: "Madame, I have not the honor to know him, but were I in his place, instead of waging war with the most beautiful and gracious princess in the world, I would hasten to Vienna to pay my respects to her, thinking it far greater honor to gain her esteem than to win the greatest of warlike victories over her."

The empress laughed heartily at this adroit compliment, and taking the little flatterer upon her lap she kissed him; whereupon he laughed merrily, and when questioned as to the cause of his mirth, replied: "It is so funny to see so small a man upon the lap of so great a woman."

He visited the various European courts, at all of which he was received with every mark of favor, especially by the ladies, who were every-where delighted with his wit and gallantry. He was married in early life to a woman of ordinary size, and became the father of a family of full-grown, intelligent children. He died in England at the extreme age of ninety-eight.

Nicholas Ferry, commonly known as Bébé, was an English dwarf who measured twenty-two inches in height, and weighed nine pounds seven ounces at the time of his death, which occurred at the age of twenty-three. This dwarf, who was a great favorite with George IV, was exceedingly jealous and irascible in his disposition, and when he saw that his royal master was disposed to caress and favor Borowlaski, who visited the English court during his residence there, he flew into a terrible rage, and actually tried to push his rival into the fire.

A Dutch dwarf, called "Tom Thumb," was on exhibition in Dresden in the year 1857, who measured only two feet four inches, being then eighteen years of age.

Charles Stratton, the celebrated American "General Tom Thumb," is the most universally known of all the "little folks" of this century, both in his own and the various European countries that he has visited. He was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and is a genuine Yankee—shrewd, keen-witted, and self-possessed to a degree that he would, without doubt, "shake hands with the king."

upon his throne, and think it honor to his majesty." Indeed, the small republican, on his first visit to England some twenty-five years ago, on his presentation to the queen at Buckingham Palace, greeted her majesty and court with the independent salutation, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," and when led about her picture-gallery by the queen, who was delighted with the little fellow's wit and grace, he coolly informed her that her "pictures were first rate."

Upon being introduced to the young Prince of Wales, the sturdy little democrat frankly extended one tiny hand, with, "how are you, prince?" Then placing himself side by side with the juvenile scion of royalty, he remarked complacently, "You're taller than I am, prince; but I feel as big as any body."

The merriment which was occasioned by these remarks was still further increased when, upon being asked by the queen to name his favorite song, he instantly declared in favor of "Yankee Doodle," which he sang, amidst the uproarious applause of his royal auditors.

At that time the "General" was less than two feet in height, and weighed only fifteen

pounds, but as he grew older he became quite corpulent, thus increasing his weight while making his stature seem more diminutive still.

Having by his natural shrewdness and extraordinary popularity succeeded in amassing a handsome fortune, the "General" retired from "business," and settled down to a quiet married life, with Lavinia Warren, the most charming little lady in the world, standing, as she does, barely twenty-five inches high in her tiny French heels.

The younger sister, Minnie Warren, who was even smaller than herself, was married a few years since to "Commodore Nutt," another popular member of the little fraternity, and died during the past year.

In closing this review of some of the most notable of these "little folks," we may safely claim that, in intelligence, wit, and many of the higher moral attributes, this class of people present a far better record than is to be found among an equal number of ordinary sized people with the same privileges and surroundings, even though backed by the bounty that nature, in a freak of whimsical niggardliness, had denied to their less fortunate competitors.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

FEELING oppressed with brain weariness one afternoon, we sought mental refreshment, as we often do, in the pages of the "Spectator." Addison's graceful style, delicate wit, airy humor, and exhaustless variety, lured us through paper after paper, with which frequent perusal had made us as familiar as with our nursery tales, but without deadening our relish for their delicious nectar. As we closed the volume we remarked mentally, Macaulay does not praise very unreasonably when he says of Addison's essays that "they approach near to absolute perfection;" that "there are no dregs to his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bot-

tle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn, and a fresh glass of nectar is at our lips."

The most charming papers in the "Spectator" are those which relate to Sir Roger de Coverley, an assumed name for a gentleman of the old school, in describing whose character, Addison, as Professor Shaw well observes, "was not unconscious of the beauty of his work. He seems to have taken an inexhaustible delight, placing it in new points of view, and drawing forth, with the gentle and quiet touch of humor and genius, all its innocent and attaching oddities." Sir Roger is "uniformly and unfailingly the delight of every reader,

'A beautiful thought, and softly shadowed forth.'

The mixture in this enchanting portrait of benevolence, old-fashioned politeness, simplicity, superstition, charity, and a taste for rural sports, continues Shaw, "is sketched with a light and delicate, yet firm and skillful hand, which makes the picture, though so different in style, well worthy to hang in the same gallery with Don Quixote, or with Parson Adams, with the Lismahago of Smollett, or the Mr. Shandy of Sterne."

The outline of this good-natured knight was drawn by Steele in his paper describing an imaginary club which was to serve as a sort of editorial committee to the "Spectator." Some annotators of the essays allege that even the outline was touched by Addison. Others attribute this suggestion to dislike of Steele, claiming that it was wholly his. The filling up of the portrait was undoubtedly Addison's work, who, evidently, did not adhere very closely to Steele's sketch. There is, indeed, a positive inconsistency between the characteristic feature of the completed portrait and Steele's outline. The latter, after describing him as a country baronet, immoral on occasions, very singular in his behavior, ready to please and oblige all who knew him, and a bachelor who had been crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow, adds, "Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman; had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege; fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster." Now, such a career as this implies a sharpening of one's wits, a knowledge of the manners of men and women in high and gay life, a quick and keen perception of the ridiculous side of men and things, and a thorough acquaintance with the conventionalities of society. Without these qualities, Sir Roger might have been a butt for Lord Rochester's jests, but not an associate in his pleasures, as Steele's outline describes him.

In Addison's portraiture of the genial old knight we not only fail to find any looseness of conduct, or any resemblance to the fine gentleman of the period; but, on the contrary, we see him characterized throughout

by an unconscious inconsistency, a blundering naturalness, a ridiculous degree of timidity, and an ignorance of the conventionalities of society which, albeit they are the jets through which the bubbling humor of the essayist escapes, are nevertheless utterly irreconcilable with the theory that their possessor had ever been a fine gentleman of the Rochester stamp.

But, omitting the sore in Sir Roger's heart caused by the widow's rejection of his suit, every thing is in keeping with the character of the average country gentleman of the seventeenth century, who, says Macaulay, "very seldom caught glimpses of the great world, and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. . . . He did not materially differ from a rustic miller or ale-house keeper of our time." Addison's portraiture of his knight, his oddities excepted, was, therefore, in keeping with the character of the class he represented; but not with his outline as originally drawn by Steele. The ordinary country esquire might act and talk as did Sir Roger, but it is impossible for one to believe that a man of fifty-six whose early manhood was spent in the companionship of city wits and who had all along kept up a city house, could have so far forgotten his past experiences as to approximate so nearly to the character of a country bumpkin, as Sir Roger is made to do in these essays. We infer, therefore, that, in working up Sir Roger's portrait, Addison, while giving him the general features of his class, was more intent on making him a butt for the display of his own inimitable humor, and for his satires on the follies and foibles of the times, than on conforming his figure to Steele's outline. He followed that sketch so far as to make Sir Roger an odd character, a kind landlord, a merry, genial companion, and a lover of field sports. But that blundering unconventionality which is the salient point in the baronet's conduct round which the flame of Addison's humor plays so beautifully is utterly irreconcilable with Steele's sketch. It, with its incomparable charm of spirit and style, must be credited entirely to Addison, to whose genius it was

given to create an ideal character which, like that of Sir John Falstaff and of Pickwick, will live in our literature forever. It is a character which is unique, in that while it excites our laughter it still commands our affectionate admiration.

Sir Roger's character, it would seem, did not flash as a sudden inspiration on Addison's mind, but was a growth. It was nearly six weeks after his first mention by Steele, before Addison brought him into view. Then, at a meeting of the imaginary club which discussed the objections of the public to the *Spectator*, the Squire is made to say, with delightful *nonchalance*, "Let our friends attack every one that deserves it. I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator, to take care how you meddle with country squires; they are the ornaments of the English nation, men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox hunters with so little respect." He further agreed, that the *Spectator* should attack what he pleased, provided he "continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice *without hurting the person!*"

Steele, in his outline, had described Sir Roger as "a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense." Yet the first speech put into his mouth by Addison was singularly lacking in good sense, in that it proposed to make war on vice in the abstract only. He is, in truth, made the mouth-piece of the fools and sinners whose follies and vices had been held up to the laughter and condemnation of the public in the previous numbers of the *Spectator*. But in so using him, Addison endowed him with that perfect unconsciousness of his own inconsistencies of speech and act which gives the humorous side to his character, and out of which, after nearly three months of apparent hesitation, the essayist drew those delightful pictures of the squire in his ancestral home, which are the most charming papers in the *Spectator*.

Addison's art is discernible in the opening paragraphs of the story of his visit to Coverley Hall. He takes the reader's good will by

storm, presenting Sir Roger as a model host who puts the *Spectator* at his ease as soon as he crosses the threshold of the old hall, bidding him rise and go to bed when he pleased, dine in his own chamber or at the family table as he might think fit, sit still and say nothing or talk and be merry as he might choose. He would also leave him at liberty to see visitors or not. In short, his courtesy is made to consist of self-denying devotion to the tastes and preferences of his guest, and the reader is charmed with him at once.

This charm is heightened by Sir Roger's paternal treatment of his servants and their affectionate devotion to his service. From the "gray-headed butler" down to the "grave-featured groom," the servants show by their joyful faces and readiness to serve, that the tie which binds them to the old knight is not their monthly wage, but the richer gold of a love begotten in them by their master's kind and gentle treatment. It is evident to the *Spectator* that Coverley Hall is not ruled with a scepter of iron, but by the genial spirit of one who sees in his household dependents, not servants merely, but men and women performing the duties of servants. In all this the squire was made an ideal, rather than a typical host and master. There were few such masters as Sir Roger in the halls of old England.

Addison next presents us with a portrait of Sir Roger's chaplain, which is made peculiarly effective by having the squire's virtuous extravagance painted in as a background. Sir Roger himself describes his parson by saying that, "afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table," he had sought out "a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper," and understanding a "little of backgammon!" At his first setting out, said the humorous Sir Roger, "I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally and make a continual system of practical divinity."

While the squire was still speaking in his praise, the chaplain came near him, "Who preaches to-morrow?" inquired Sir Roger. Nothing abashed, the accommodating chaplain replied, "The bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon." The Spectator, after listening to the reading of these sermons, remarks with gentle sarcasm, "A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor." He then expresses the wish that more of the country clergy would follow this example, as being "not only more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people." He might have added, that it is more honest and manly than to appear before the public with unblushing brow, preaching the productions of other minds as the coinage of one's own brain.

The contempt generally felt by the upper classes for the country clergy of his times so gracefully expressed by Addison in this sketch of the chaplain of Coverley Hall, finds its justification in the pages of Macaulay. That attractive writer shows that, while the Anglican Church had produced many eminent divines after the Restoration and previous to the reign of Queen Anne, yet the luster of such men's genius shone only from university and city pulpits. The great body of the country clergy were chiefly dependent on parish tithes and on the contemptible stipends paid by the proud, but ignorant, and often half-brutal squires, at whose tables they said grace in canonical garb, whose imperious wills governed them, who made them the butts of their coarse jests, refused them recognition as social equals, and expected them to marry, not their daughters or nieces, but the cast-off ladies' maids of their wives. Hence, Sir Roger's chaplain was a type, not of the worst, but of the best of his class, and the squire's authority over him was softened by a sunniness of temper and a geniality of manner which was as exceptional among the squires of the period as was the humor with which the Spectator describes both the priest and his master, among the writers of Queen Anne's times.

The Spectator's account of Sir Roger's

way of maintaining order in the parish church is a titbit of incomparable humoroussness. It informs us that he would "suffer nobody to sleep in church *besides himself*, for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up, looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them!" In singing, the squire would occasionally lengthen out a verse half a minute after all others had done with it. When especially pleased with his own devotion, he would say Amen three or four times to the same prayer. And when all the people were kneeling he would stand up to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants were missing! The Spectator was surprised one Sunday to hear him in the midst of the service call out to an idle fellow who was kicking his own heels for diversion, "John Matthews, mind what you are about, and do n't disturb the congregation!"

One can scarcely conceive of a finer example of unconscious inconsistency than we have in these instances of the squire's keeping order by being disorderly. His cool assumption of a right to do what he condemns in others, his manifest air of paternal authority, and his unconcealed consciousness that he is a law unto himself, charm us, not only on account of his unconsciousness of any impropriety in his own absurd conduct, but also because they are tempered by the evident goodness of his intention. We are equally delighted when the Spectator assures us with sly sarcasm, that these oddities have a good effect upon the parish, who are *not polite enough* to see any thing ridiculous in his behavior, and that the general worthiness of his character causes his friends to regard these little singularities as foils that rather serve to set off than blemish his good qualities.

Sir Roger took the Spectator with him to the assizes. The court was in session when they entered, but the justices, in deference to his social standing, made a place for him at the head of the bench. Sir Roger, to show his familiarity with the chief-justice, whispered in his ear, "I am glad you have met

with such good weather on your circuit." An hour later, to the surprise of the Spectator, Sir Roger, in the midst of a trial, stood up to speak. In an instant the court was hushed. "Sir Roger is up," whispered the country people to one another. He spoke two or three sentences with the air of a man of business who feared nobody. His speech had no meaning, and the Spectator sarcastically remarks: "I believe it was not so much designed by the knight to inform the court as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country." Nevertheless, when the court adjourned, the gentlemen gathered about him, striving who should compliment him most, "while ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak before a judge."

In this scene Addison presents his hero in a less amiable light than in any other. He strips him of that robe of simple-minded naturalness which elsewhere commands our admiration, and transforms him into an actor, inspired by conscious vanity, and seeking by a cheap display of boldness to win popular admiration. Nevertheless, the picture provokes our smiles, not at the knight only, but also at the deference paid by the obsequious court to a man of rank and substance, at the hypocrisy of the gentlemen who complimented him for making a stupid speech, and at the self-deceived crowd of rustics whose unreasoning admiration of a social superior led them to attribute to courage a foolish performance which was the unseemly flower of childish vanity.

Here, as in the scene at Church, our essayist is slyly satirizing that assumption of superiority which was the natural product of the social condition of the English country gentleman. Gruff old Samuel Johnson once said to his parasite, Boswell, "Sir, the superiority of a country gentleman over the people upon his estate is very agreeable, and he who says he does not feel it to be agreeable lies." Sir Roger is made to show that he not only felt it to be agreeable, but that he had an unquestionable right to exhibit it by treating his rustic tenants as men bound to pay unquestioning deference to their land-

lord. And the latter, by their docile servility, are made to illustrate the evil effects of helpless dependence upon a wealthy landlord. Without intending to strike beyond the abuses of landlordism, Addison really hit a telling blow on the system of entail which tends to create large landed estates, imperious landlords, and a servile tenantry. To-day we behold one of its results in the approaching extinction of that yeomanry, consisting of independent farmers owning the acres on which they lived, to whom England owes much of her past glory and strength.

Sir Roger, like most country gentlemen of his times, is described as having been very fond of hunting when in the heyday of his manhood. The trophies of his skill were visible on the walls of his great hall which were ornamented with the horns of stags that he had killed in his hunting days. His stable doors were also patched with the noses of foxes that he had pursued to death. The perverse widow who had rejected his addresses was largely responsible for the death of many of those poor foxes, inasmuch as "when the widow was cruel the foxes were sure to pay for it." "But," says the Spectator with sarcastic but gentle humor, "in proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house." Addison places Sir Roger in a somewhat better light when he uses him to illustrate the superstition which, though declining, was still very prevalent in England. The knight's mother had shut up half the rooms in the Coverley mansion because of their being haunted by ghosts. When he entered into possession at her death, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, he ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, whom he also compelled to sleep in one room after another, and by that means dissipated the "fears which had so long reigned in the family." In this affair the squire, by the ceremony of exorcising his rooms, made a concession to the superstition of his household; by requiring

his parson to sleep in the haunted chambers he gave unintended expression to the contempt for the country clergy which was so commonly entertained, that the knight was scarcely, if at all, conscious of its existence in himself. Nevertheless, our sympathy for the parson, put to such base uses, is swallowed up by our sense of the humorous which is excited by the oddity of the method by which the squire stripped his apartments of their ghostly reputation.

There was a reputed witch on the Coverley estate about whom Sir Roger was a "little puzzled." Her name was Moll White. She was much feared by the rustics of the neighborhood, whose reports of her alleged witcheries, made to the squire several times, staggered him. When visiting her wretched hovel in the Spectator's company, he gravely "advised her, as a justice of the peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbor's cattle." Having thus paid tribute to his lingering doubt respecting her powers of witchcraft, the good-natured knight took counsel of his benevolence, and gave her money to relieve the wretchedness of her condition, concerning which there could be no question. The humor of this scene lies in the air of perplexed gravity with which Sir Roger advised the poor old creature not to exercise a power which if really possessed would have enabled her to improve her own miserable lot. Evidently, while uncertain whether she was a witch or not, he was desirous of using his official authority against witchcraft, which the law still treated in that day as a capital crime; and belief in the possibility of which so clung to Sir Roger's mind that when she died some time after, he very innocently wrote to the Spectator, "About a month after Moll White's death the wind blew out the end of one of my barns; but for my part I do not think the old woman had any hand in it." This faint denial of superstitious belief sounds very much like the melancholy whistle in a grave-yard, which proclaims the whistler's effort to keep his feeble courage from being captured by his almost overwhelming fears.

The Spectator places the knight in a
VOL. VII.—34

similar attitude of doubt with respect to the claims of the gypsies to "tell fortunes." Though professing to believe them both thieves and impostors, he, nevertheless, on meeting a troop of them, exposed his palm to two or three of their number, that they might divine his destiny by noting the direction of its wrinkles. An old sun-burnt crone, having duly considered the lines, said, "You have a widow in your line of life." Upon hearing this, the knight, affecting anger, replied, "Go, go. You are an idle baggage;" but, the Spectator says, "at the same time he smiled on me." His smile did not escape the old crone, who perceived by it that she had struck a chord that secretly pleased him. Hence, after a further conniving of the lines on his hand, she added, "Your true love is constant. She will dream of you to-night." Sir Roger exclaimed, "Pish! Go on." "You are a bachelor," continued the crone oracularly, "but you won't continue so long. You are dearer to somebody than you think." Again the knight said, "You are an idle baggage, but go on." And then the shrewd old creature looked into his face and said, "Ah, master, that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache. You ha'nt that simper about the mouth for nothing." Upon this the knight handed the old woman a coin, mounted his horse, and rode off with the Spectator, to whom he presently remarked in a confidential tone, "I know several sensible people who believe these gypsies, now and then, foretell very strange things." During the next half hour he appeared more jocund than ordinarily. Then, meeting a beggar on the road, his good humor moved him to give him an alms; but, on putting his hand in his pocket, he found that one of the fortune-telling "vermin" had picked it of its last penny!

This gypsy scene is true to the gypsy life; but its humor is so broad it makes our knight ridiculous. His half-expressed faith in gypsy palmistry, his pleased attention to the old crone's silly gibberish, and his unconcealed delight at her coarse allusions to a languishing widow are revelations of weakness and silliness in the old baronet which

temper our sense of the ridiculous with feelings of pity, not to say contempt. But when Addison shows us the empty pocket, picked by one of the crone's associates, our pity evaporates, and we feel like giving way to a hearty laugh over the sentimental folly of the good-natured, partially deluded, but completely plucked old gentleman of the olden time. Doubtless in all this Addison was making Sir Roger the butt of the contempt he felt for the superstitious terrors which were then prevalent, not only among the weak and ignorant, but also, though in lesser degree, among the intelligent and strong-minded. By making these superstitions appear ridiculous, he hoped to loosen their hold upon the popular mind.

Nearly six months after the Spectator's imaginary visit to Coverley Hall, Addison again brings Sir Roger to the notice of his readers. The old knight is then supposed to be in London for the purpose of getting "a sight of Prince Eugene," the illustrious companion in arms of the great Marlborough. During this visit to the metropolis he is supposed to visit Westminster Abbey, the theater, and Spring Garden, in company with the Spectator. Macaulay speaks of the paper describing their walk through the abbey as one of Addison's best. It is, indeed, a charming picture of an unsophisticated country gentleman, unconscious of his own ignorance, and, therefore, on the best possible terms with himself. It amuses us, as do, also, those essays which describe his visits to the theater and to Spring Garden, by making him appear more comical and unconventional than in the scenes in and about Coverley Hall. Our space does not permit us to analyze them.

A few months later Addison, feeling, probably, that he could add nothing to the charm he had thrown round the fictitious Sir Roger, being about to bring the "Spectator" to a close, and being unwilling, as some think, that any other writer should make use of his favorite, produced one of his best and most pathetic papers, in which he informs the public, through a letter from Sir Roger's butler, that the good knight had passed away. He had taken cold at the county sessions,

which he had attended in the interest of a poor widow and her fatherless children, who had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman. On returning home, the butler wrote, he complained of having lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch his favorite sirloin. From that time he grew worse. A kind message from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life, seemed to revive him; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He took an affectionate leave of his weeping servants and, as the chaplain told every body, "made a very good end."

Addison tersely sums up the character of his hero in a letter from his nephew and heir, who is made to say, "I can not reflect upon Sir Roger's character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the club: to wit, that a man of a warm and well-disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior in human society to him who, with the greatest talents, is cold and languid in his affections." Here we have what may be termed the text of all the Coverley papers, the secret of Sir Roger's hold on his admirers. His warm heart made him kind to his dependents and tenants, and genial in his intercourse with his equals. His good intentions condoned his faults, which were not immoralities, but venial failings. His oddities, whimsicalities, and blunders amuse us without exciting our scorn, because he is so thoroughly unconscious that they are improprieties, and so entirely convinced that they are the very things which need to be done. The persistence of his hopeless affection for the obdurate widow elevates him in our estimation because it implies an unusual wealth and depth of feeling, notwithstanding the comicality with which he sometimes gives expression to his sentiments. But no analysis of his character can fully account for the charm of the essays which describe him. That lies in their gracefulness of style, their exquisite but intangible humor, their incomparable felicity of expression, all which, like the effluence of flowers, may be enjoyed, but can not be satisfactorily analyzed or described.

SOME ORIENTAL WEDDINGS.

IT was the wedding-day of the young Mirzah, and a day of rare beauty even for the tropics. The bride elect was the only daughter of a Persian nabob, who resided in Madras, and the *parti* selected by the maiden's father was a very rich and very elegant young gentleman, whose age doubled that of the bride, and whom, of course, she had never seen.

According to established usage among the *elite* of nearly all Oriental nations, the "first invitations," elaborately worded, and written on pale blue silk, in gleaming, golden characters, had been sent out some two weeks before, after all the preliminaries of the marriage were concluded and the nuptial day fixed. This arrangement is needed in order to afford time to the expected guests for the preparation of the elaborate "wedding garments," without which there can be no admission to an Oriental marriage. During the interim I had, as in duty bound, called twice on the bride elect; the first time merely sending in my card, as a formal acceptance of the invitation, and the second, asking for an interview, as a courteous intimation of my desire to cultivate the acquaintance of the parties after their marriage.

The lovely little bride was a *petite* maiden of ten years, with a wealth of glossy, ebon hair, and soft, lustrous eyes of such wondrous brilliancy as one sees nowhere beyond the tropics. Her rare beauty, of the dreamy, voluptuous type so highly prized by Orientals, and an indescribable grace of motion that fascinated at first sight, were about all she had with which to win the love of her future lord. In respect to mental and moral gifts and graces, I think she could boast absolutely nothing, unless it were the child-like sweetness of temper that had never yet been tried, and that seemed to animate the dimpled face with perpetual sunshine. But, then, her father was a rich man, whose rank was sufficient guarantee of a handsome settlement for his beautiful daughter; and the consort he had chosen for her, being also one

of the fortunate denizens of "upper ten-dom," would naturally require in a wife only a pretty doll to reign as queen in his voluptuous harem. So, I have no doubt, the lovely, girlish bride was found well suited to her position, and probably never doubted that she was the most fortunate of wives. As I turned back, after taking my leave, I saw the little ten-year-old, who, in three days more would be a bride, apparently far more engrossed with the costly gems and dainty silken robes that lay all around her, than with either hopes or fears in regard to her future destiny.

The beautiful young mother was the one most to be pitied. Still young and lovely, with this only child as her inseparable companion, they seemed more like sisters than mother and daughter, in their perfect unison of thought and pursuits. How lonely the mother would be, she seemed already to realize, as almost deprecatingly she arranged and rearranged the splendid *trousseau* of her darling. The next time I saw them was on the wedding-day; the daughter all sunshine and joy, arrayed in gorgeous attire, resplendent with jewels, and crowned with flowers. The mother, too, was robed in costly garments; her veil secured by a tiara of diamonds such as few monarchs could boast; but beneath the filmy gossamer I caught a glimpse of tearful eyes, and I heard sobs that rendered almost inaudible the bird-like voice as, in the prescribed form, she gave over to the keeping of the new mother-in-law her heart's best treasure. But I must not anticipate.

Our "second invitation" to this grand wedding festival was only a verbal message, couched in the very language of Scripture: "Come, for all things are ready." This, when the feast had been actually spread, I received at the hands of a courier, who paused not even to alight, but with the flourish of a trumpet to arrest attention, delivered his message in haste, and sped onwards to fulfill the same mission at other houses beyond, whilst I, with the cry yet

sounding on my ear, repaired to the house of the bride, where the marriage was to be solemnized. A large majority of the invited guests did likewise, but a considerable number preferred to join in with the procession of the bridegroom at different points as he passed *en route* to receive his bride in person at her own home. Sometimes this duty is delegated to a friend, especially in cases where the rank of the groom is very much above that of the family into which he marries; but it is always deemed most complimentary to the lady if her spouse goes in person to receive her hand, instead of sending a proxy.

As the cortège neared the house, criers called out: "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him;" and the response came in the entire assemblage rushing *en masse* from the house, and forming themselves into a legion of honor, to welcome the hero of the day, as he appeared borne aloft in a gilded sedan-chair, gayly decorated with flags and flowers. Without a moment's pause, the bridegroom and his suit entered the house, the guests following, and the door was shut. So it remained locked and guarded till the nuptial rights were ended and the bridal party ready to make their exit. Some who came late, prayed for admittance; bribes were offered to the ushers, and various reasons assigned for not being in time, but excuses and expostulations were alike in vain, and despite them all these tardy comers had to remain without. By this slight offered to the bridegroom, they had failed to show themselves his friends, and strangers have no place at an Oriental marriage.

The nuptial ceremony, occupying an hour or more, consisted mainly in the giving and receiving of presents, and the tedious interchange of innumerable bows and salaams between the heads of the two families. During all this time the bride was seated, closely veiled, and so surrounded by her maidens that it was impossible for her future lord to get the slightest glimpse of either form or features, while she enjoyed no better opportunity of seeing him. As soon as the ceremony was ended the bride and

groom were placed by their respective attendants in separate sedan chairs, and, surrounded by the whole crowd of guests, proceeded at once to the residence of the bridegroom. On arriving, the young bride, with her maidens and female relatives and friends, was met at "the woman's gate" by her mother-in-law, and conducted with due ceremony to "the inner apartments," over which she was in future to preside. These consisted of five or six large, airy rooms, with frescoed ceilings, floors spread with costly silks, and strewn with flowers, dainty divans with rose-colored hangings, pictures; mirrors, and many-voiced instruments of music—all that could minister to sensuous pleasure, but nought upon which the mind or heart of even an Oriental woman might feed. But the child-bride, with her voluptuous beauty and gorgeous attire, was evidently well pleased both with her surroundings and the attentions paid her as lady-in-chief, probably for the first time in her ten years of life. Her large, dreamy eyes fairly danced with delight, and she tossed back her wealth of raven hair in a way that spoke volumes of self-gratulation and supreme content. Of the husband she had never seen she seemed to have not a thought; and when, in bidding her adieu, I expressed the hope that she would be a happy and beloved wife, she smiled and blushed girl fashion, and turned to examining the casket of magnificent jewels that had been one of her husband's wedding gifts to his new bride.

The bridegroom and all the male guests were received at another entrance by the fathers and brothers of the newly wedded pair, and were soon seated at a sumptuous banquet, so arranged upon separate tables and in various apartments as to be easily accessible to all, without the unpleasant commingling of castes and nationalities. Similar arrangements were made for the ladies in the "inner apartments," while we "outside barbarians," that is the *ladies* of our party, were granted free access to both suites of reception-rooms, enjoying thus the opportunity of seeing all that was noteworthy within and without. All the evening skilled bands of musicians discoursed

sweet sounds from cymbal, timbrel, and harp, the soft, dreamy, voluptuous airs floating in on the perfumed atmosphere from the flower-wreathed balconies where the musicians were stationed. These music balconies formed the connecting link between the male and female drawing-rooms, the music being quite as enjoyable from one as from the other, just near enough to both for a pleasing effect, yet never sufficiently loud to interrupt conversation. Various games, dances, and feats of jugglery were exhibited by bands of trained actors, and in the evening there was a brilliant display of fire-works, easily seen from the terraces and balconies of the spacious mansion.

It was nearly daylight when we made our exit from the house of feasting; and no one else seemed to have any thought of retiring even then. The guests had all been invited for the two weeks the wedding festivities were to last, and a large portion of them, I think, remained to the very last day. The time was filled up with a succession of banquets, operas, theatricals, and gambling; and each guest, on departing, received a handsome present. The whole was said to have cost not less than a lac of rupees, rather more than forty-five thousand dollars—an outlay that fully verifies the assertion that "the marriage or birth of his first-born son is the occasion of all others upon which an Oriental nabob will most lavishly pour out his treasure." For days after the wedding, I was haunted by the memory of one pair of sad, loving eyes, full of unshed tears. They were those of the girlish bride's young mother, who was, I suppose, the only mourner in that house of feasting. To her this marriage of her only child was more than a burial would have been. It was the transfer of her heart's idol, not alone to a *husband* of whom she knew nothing, but to the absolute authority of a *mother-in-law*, from whose exactations, however cruel or galling, the young wife could make no appeal. In reply to my question, how she liked her new son-in law, the mother said deprecatingly: "I have never seen him. As a wife, I may not look upon the face of any man except my husband and my own nearest kin, my father

and my brothers. My husband's brothers I have never seen, nor his father, and before the male servants of our household, I always wear my veil. But even could I have seen the gentleman my daughter was to wed, it would have availed nothing. We women have no voice in such matters, and it was not until after my husband had made the selection of a son-in-law and had sealed and delivered the contract, that either my child or myself were informed of his intentions. He then described to us both the personal appearance, age, and professions of the bridegroom elect; and with his descriptions, I at least, must be content, for neither as groom or husband can I ever look upon, or speak to the man to whose keeping is transferred the very light of my life. But I have confidence in my husband's choice. He is loving and kind, and he has done only his duty to our child, in selecting for her a partner suited to her position, and in giving her in marriage as soon as she was of proper age. All our people would denounce a father who failed in these duties."

Among the Burmese, parties intending to form a matrimonial tie, ordinarily contrive to obtain at least a glimpse of each other's features, before any contract is signed. In high life, such liberties are never connived at by the elders of either family; and the interview, if secured at all must be a stolen one, and involves considerable risk, to the lady especially. The utmost latitude allowed to a young man in selecting a wife is the privilege of reporting to his parents any predilection he has conceived, and they, in turn, acquaint the parents of the young lady of their son's desire. The two fathers then meet, and call in an astrologer to ascertain whether the birthdays of the two candidates for hymen are favorable to an alliance. That is to say, whether a gentleman born on Monday may expect good fortune if united to a lady born on the same, or such other day of the week as chanced to be her natal day. Similar consultations are held in regard to the month, year, season, and even the hour of birth; also as to the color of the eyes, the length of the fingers and toes, and the tint of the complexion. But the point of most

significance in the estimation of the astrologer is the relative position of the points of the compass toward which the faces of the pair were respectively turned at their first interview! If the verdict of the astrologer be favorable, pecuniary considerations are next canvassed, the girl's father fixing on his daughter a price regulated by his opinion of her personal attractions; and the other father accepting or rejecting the proposition as *nonchalantly* as he would in bargaining for a house or a horse. Should no point of disagreement arise between the fathers, the mothers and other female relatives next meet in consultation, and, last of all, the young lady herself is admitted to the conference—not, however, as a general rule, until her fate has been decided. And should the negotiations fail to be conducted to a successful issue, the damsel may remain always in profound ignorance of the whole affair, unless the young man should chance to reveal his secret at some clandestine meeting. The bridal *trousseau* is always provided by the future husband, and is sent in on the day before the wedding. Early on the nuptial morning the bride receives a perfumed bath, and is anointed, by her maidens, with fragrant powders and pomades. The tips of her nails, ordinarily several inches in length, and her lips are stained bright red with saffron and rouge; while the face, hands, and neck are covered with sandal wood powder, which imparts the bright yellow tinge regarded by the Burmese as the very perfection of feminine beauty. Then, with hair elaborately dressed, and robed in the gayest of all the garments sent in by the groom, decked with jewels, and crowned with flowers, she sits a queen, awaiting the appearance of her spouse. Her mother, daintily adorned, occupies a seat at her side; and all around are the young companions of the bride, arrayed in robes only less gay and costly than her own. The bridal *temine*, or lower garment, is usually of thick silk of two contrasting colors, pink and white, or blue and white, woven in conspicuous figures, with a border of silver near the knee, and finished at the waist with a red or blue band. The *ingee* or jacket is of creamy

white silk, open in front to display the gold beads and chains that adorn the neck, and the costume is completed by a red silk scarf thrown over the shoulders.

The bridegroom's attire consists of a *sarong* of some gay colored silk, green and orange, or crimson and black, an *ingee* of white satin fitted closely to the figure, and an elaborate turban of the finest India muslin, the ends richly embroidered in gold, and drooped gracefully over the shoulder; with rings, sometimes ear-rings, and chains and charms in lavish profusion.

A band of music heads the bridegroom's procession, then comes the groom surrounded by his attendants, these consisting of his most intimate male friends of his own age and rank, then a company of young men carrying spears, knives, and various household implements; next a score or so of youthful maidens laden with bonbons and confectionery for the bride; then some elderly women with betel-nut, *serie*, and cigars in silver cups; and lastly the father of the bridegroom and other male relatives. Leaving his suite in the ante-chamber, the groom essays to enter the room where the bride sits; but the bevy of young girls who have been surrounding her, rush forward, and playfully make a feint of refusing the intruder entrance, forbidding him to carry off "the gem of their hearts," and "the flower of the house." But the fair defenders are easily routed by the potent invader, and retire in seeming dismay, each dropping her chaplet of flowers at the bridegroom's feet, as she falls back, this time in the rear of the bride. Quick as thought, the groom gathers up the fragrant garlands on the point of his spear or lance, and as he enters the room, with down-cast eyes, and holding a large fan before his face, he piles the floral prizes at the feet of his bride, just outside the canopy beneath which she sits, while he passes on to the place assigned him by the code of Burmese nuptial etiquette. The groom's entrance is signalized by some wonderful achievements in the way of music by a full band; and during the performance the groom is escorted to a seat beneath the bridal canopy, and an eating stand is placed before

the pair. Then seven of the most distinguished guests each place a saucer of boiled rice on the stand, and in doing so pronounce a solemn benediction on the newly mated pair. Next the groom presents to his bride a spoonful of rice, which she eats, and then returns the compliment in the same way, after which both eat together from one saucer, and drink from the same cup, the lady first. Then a dainty little pipe is produced, from which each takes a few whiffs, and these queer nuptial rites are concluded by the twain partaking together of the grand national quid, *betel-nut*, *serie*, and *chunam*, after which they are pronounced man and wife, without the introduction of any religious or even civil ceremony. The Burmese were almost the only people I met in the East, whose marriages lacked the presence of a priest and some rites of the prevailing religion; and perhaps it is for this very reason that divorces, so rare among other Orientals, are so painfully frequent in Burmah. Among the lower class scarcely any ceremony at all is deemed necessary to render a marriage valid. The parties simply eat and drink together, and are regarded as married, and every-where among the Burmese the marriage tie is easily broken. A slight fault on either side, a trifling difference of opinion, or even a preference for a new partner, is deemed ample cause for sundering the old tie, and forming another to be in turn cut asunder with equal recklessness. When two persons mutually agree to sunder their matrimonial connection, they shut up their house with children and goods all inside, and each lights a candle, and sits down before the door, both waiting silently for the candles to burn out. Then the one whose candle is the first to expire, rises and leaves the home, never to return, taking away nothing besides the clothes worn at the time. All else becomes the property of the other party.

In Siam polygamy in its broadest sense is allowed and practiced, especially among those of royal or noble lineage. Any man may keep as many wives as he can maintain, and though a poor man has ordinarily but one, the number comprised in the harem of

a noble varies from a dozen to several scores, while kings and princes reckon their consorts by hundreds. King Phra Nang Klan had at the time of his death, in 1851, about six hundred and fifty wives—the number having gone on steadily augmenting during his twenty-seven years of sovereignty. I was told by one of the royal chamberlains that scarcely any of these royal brides were, at the time of marriage, more than twelve years of age, and some were scarcely ten. But in the tropics girls mature early, and I have myself seen many mothers under a dozen years of age. One I well remember, between whose natal day and that of her first-born son intervened *but a single decade!* These extremely early marriages are, however, found only in high life. Among the middle and lower classes women do not ordinarily become wives before sixteen or eighteen. Siamese ladies of gentle or noble blood are kept in strict seclusion; no association with the other sex, except of their own blood relations, is allowed, and they seldom, if ever, marry below their own rank.

I visited frequently, while in Bangkok, at a palace where resided forty maiden ladies, who were half-sisters, and all the children of the same father. They were born, lived, and died in the same palace, and were never once during their entire lives outside its inclosing walls. None of them ever married because, being of royal lineage, they would not stoop to other than a regal consort; and, as the king then upon the throne did not happen to invite them to places in his harem, they had no alternative but to live and die unwooed and unwed. As the years sped on, there were other royal princes whom any of these ladies would gladly have wedded, but during the years of waiting for their kingly cousin most of these fastidious princesses had already passed their "teens," and were too old to be eligible as wives for men of royal estate. Their father's palace, owned and occupied by their elder brother, with whom they resided when I knew them, was a vast domain with lovely terraced gardens, parks, baths, lotus gardens and pavilions, the whole inclosed by high walls, with strong gates, that day and night were locked and

guarded by sentinels. Yet it seemed to me but a splendid prison, and I never entered those massive portals to call on my forty spinster friends without fervently thanking God that I was simply a little American girl instead of a grand Oriental princess with the gorgeous surroundings, the gems and jewels, and all the regal paraphernalia of that grand old palace.

But though a Siamese lady of gentle or noble blood may not marry below her own rank, as a wife she is never the equal of her husband; and in the family a princess always ranks lower than even her younger brothers who are the children of the same parents. The first royal princes of Siam who ever ventured on any innovation as regards the wifely position was the late Second King, the father of his present majesty (Second) King George Washington. There seemed inherent to this noble prince a chivalric gallantry that rendered him at all times courteously kind to woman. This was manifest in his early boyhood in his manner toward his sisters and female relatives, and in a still higher degree as he grew to maturity in his gallant and respectful attention to the ladies of his harem. These he frequently introduced to distinguished foreigners, and, in the presence of his guests, permitted to sit at table with himself, or by his side in the drawing-rooms. He several times went so far beyond royal etiquette as to bring one and another of his ladies to visit and dine at the houses of the missionaries—the first time, no doubt, in the history of that exclusive court that royal wives were ever escorted anywhere by their regal consort. It would be impossible to describe either their enjoyment or their bewilderment at this first glimpse of the outside world, or how as they became somewhat familiar with this new experience, they clapped their tiny, jeweled hands in unwonted glee, asking a thousand questions, strange as unanswerable. Once, when dining at the palace soon after my arrival in the country, several of these royal wives were present. The gentle Maum Ame, the favorite wife and the mother of the heir, was then in the first flush of youthful beauty, and buoyant with proud happiness.

I noticed her several times looking after her regal consort with admiring eyes, when he chanced to be at a distance, and once she said to me, "Is n't he grand looking? And he is good as noble." I answered by asking with girlish impulsiveness, "If you really love him so very much does it not make you unhappy to know that so many other wives share the affection of your husband?" Her answer was strikingly characteristic; and I quote it here as an answer to the oft-repeated inquiry made by people in our own country—"How can there be any thing but hatred and jealousy among the scores or hundreds of women who call the same man husband, and who, if they really love him, must yearn for the possession of his undivided heart?" This gentle girl-wife lifted her penciled brows in sheer amazement at what she deemed my total lack of discernment; and then the soft love-lit eyes twinkled with merriment as she answered: "Had your parents any children besides yourself? and, if so, did you ever dream that they loved you less because others equally dear were born to them?"

It is surely well for her own happiness that an Oriental wife can look at this subject so philosophically. Deeming herself supremely blest if a genuine mutual affection exists between herself and her lord, she is totally unmindful as to how many others may win a share of his love provided she be not supplanted by a rival. It would seem, looking at the subject from our standpoint, perfectly impossible that a wife, especially a loving wife, should actually take the initiative in providing additions to her husband's harem. But did not Sarai, Abram's loving wife, do this very thing in giving her maid to her husband "to be his wife?" And has it not been ever thus in those Eastern lands? It must be remembered, however, that the "maid" did not usurp or even share the position of her mistress, but was still, as before, subject to her authority. So also in our own day, though the position of the "inferior wives" is perfectly legal, and they may all share in the affections of their lord, and all do enjoy the honors and pleasures of his house, yet one is really the head

or "chief wife." She is wedded with solemn forms, her children are the heirs, and she can not, but for proven infidelity, be degraded from her high position. The others are inducted into wifehood by rites less imposing, bring ordinarily no dower, and receive no marriage settlement from the husband; sometimes are even purchased for their rare personal beauty, and are in reality, though never in name, only favored slaves. These "inferior wives" can at any time be put away by the mere caprice of their lord; but to the honor of the Siamese be it said, such cases, at least among the higher classes, are almost unknown. The "superior wife" never fears displacement from her position by the introduction of a new love, be she ever so fair; nor do those brought into the harem from time to time ever think of supplanting the *Meah Suang* (superior wife). Each dwells content in her special love-dream, feeding on a little romance that is all her own; while, like a band of sisters, they sympathize in each other's joys and sorrows, consult together about fêtes and flowers, and playfully criticise the adornments of their pretty persons, with no thought of jealousy. In their secluded life, they seem rather to rejoice in the arrival of a new comer, as an event to vary the splendid monotony of an aimless though luxurious life. If the superior wife have children, and the household be a large one, she is glad to share her responsibilities as mistress with the other wives; or if childless, which is ever deemed by Orientals both a misfortune and a reproach, her husband may hope for heirs by some of the other wives, and she, as the superior, shares the honor and joy of her lord. Marriages among the Siamese nobility and gentry are the subject of much negotiation, conducted sometimes by the parents of the parties, but oftener by other elderly relatives known as "go-betweens," and never by the suitors themselves. The proposals always emanate from the gentleman's friends, who make application in his name to the parents of the lady. If the offer is accepted the candidate for the fair one's favor proceeds at once to the abode of his future father-in law, where the lady's dowry, her

marriage settlement, and the time of the nuptial ceremony are all fixed; but no interview with his *fiancée* is ever permitted. On this expedition the groom is attended by a large party of friends and retainers, and preceded by a full band of music. The transit is made in boats, all gayly decorated with flags, and several of them richly freighted with presents for the bride and her parents. Huge pyramids of cake frosted in divers hues—among which red, as the bridal color, predominates—with fruits, flowers, and confectionery, make up the major part of the offerings; while the more costly portion, consisting of jewels and silks for the bridal trousseau, are bestowed in inlaid caskets or on golden trays, in the groom's own barge.

The nuptial rites, consisting mainly of bows and prostrations before the image of Buddha, and charges and benedictions from the attendant priests, are always solemnized at the bride's own home; and for at least a week after the conclusion of the marriage feast the groom is expected to remain the guest of his father-in-law before transferring the new-made wife to her future home. When the time comes she is escorted with more or less display, regulated by the wealth and position of the contracting parties, and attended by her maidens, parents, and relatives. She enters her lord's house, where the great banquet of the occasion is laid; for the bride and the female guests in the interior, and the groom and his gentleman friends in the public halls, while the two chief personages of this nuptial drama never really meet face to face till the days of feasting are ended and the guests have all withdrawn. On several occasions during the ceremonies of marriage the bridal pair are seated near each other for a few minutes, but no word is spoken by either, nor the slightest glimpse permitted of the bride's closely veiled features. All through the ceremonies, at both houses, Buddhist priests are in attendance, reciting passages from the sacred books, and exhorting the new-made pair to constancy and affection. These rites are strangely commingled with music and mirth, feasting, dancing, and all manner

of gayeties, continued for a longer or shorter time, according to the rank of the bridegroom. For a private gentleman, three or four days' feasting at each house is deemed sufficient, a noble of the lower grade protracts the time to a week at least, a prince to a month, and a sovereign does just as he pleases; but whatever celebrations he may deem fitting the occasion must all take place within his own palace, and be arranged by the lord high chamberlain, under the sovereign's orders. For whatever period a wedding festival is continued, the guests are invited to remain in the house, and very many do so; but others come and go, as suits their own convenience; and, perhaps, the majority sleep in their own houses, returning to the scene of gayety in the morning. With the departure of the priests, the bride is withdrawn to the "inner apartments," that have been specially prepared for her, and there, with music and mirth, feasting and fondness, she is sumptuously entertained by all the female relatives of her husband till the last guest has taken his leave, when the bridegroom, introduced by his mother to the newly made wife, lifts the veil for the first time! Who may measure the untold interest of that longed-for interview? What a life-time of joy or sorrow may be condensed in that moment of time, as each reads a future of happiness or misery in the glance of an eye, the curl of a lip, or the first utterance of that strange recognition.

The readiness with which Oriental men, and women, too, take to the plan of having their life companions selected for them by a third party is well illustrated by the case of the *Maharajah*, one of the wealthiest and most powerful native princes of India, who, some eight or ten years ago, embraced the Christian faith, and has since resided in England. When this *Maharajah*, then unmarried, was about leaving India, he visited a native girl's school taught by a missionary. After listening attentively to the recitations of the pupils, carefully inspecting all the excellent arrangements of the school, and being satisfied of the habits and characters these girls were forming, the prince

drew the' missionary aside, and requested him to select from the older pupils of the institution one that would be suited to fill the position of *Maharanee*, the prince's wife. He explained that he preferred taking a wife of his own nation; but that being a Christian, he was unwilling to wed an idolater; and for this reason he had hitherto remained unmarried. "But which one is your highness's choice?" asked the astonished missionary. "I wish a wife who is modest, intelligent, and amiable, with the habits and principles of a true Christian, and I will joyfully wed any one you may select as coming up to this standard. You know them all, and can certainly judge better than I of their qualifications." This was the unhesitating reply of the young prince; and when the selection was made neither the *Maharajah* nor the maiden herself made the least demur, though they had never seen each other till the day before. They were married at once, and sailed for Europe; and even in England this prince and princess are regarded as models of conjugal affection and fidelity. These are the *Maharana* and *Maharanee* who were mentioned as occupying so "honorable a position near the altar" at the marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

In all my years of intimate association with Siamese ladies of rank I never found one who seemed to think that a young girl could choose for herself so appropriate a partner as a wise and loving father could select for her. "Men know each other better than we can know them" was always the unanswerable reply to any argument on the subject; and whilst no maiden would willingly be bartered for gold, each believed her own parent sufficiently disinterested to prefer the happiness of his child to his own emolument; and having been trained from the cradle to think it unwomanly and immodest for a *lady* to look at or converse with those of the other sex, the fear of being degraded in the estimation of her *fiance* would deter almost any well-bred maiden from permitting him to look into her face until she was actually married. So hopefully, she accepts her lot, deeming herself

supremely blest if a mutual love crowns the union ; and if unloved, the young wife gives no sign, but crushes down her warm, passionate heart, and fulfils still, with singular fidelity, every conjugal duty in the care of her husband's *ménage*, while her sensual lord may bring in, as he inclines, new wives ; or

in the failure of the one love, solace himself with ever-varying amours. Among Siamese wives cases of infidelity to the marriage vow are extremely rare, and divorces for reasons of this kind are almost unknown in Siam, and, indeed, in very many other Eastern countries.

THE SAILOR PREACHER OF BOSTON.



REV. EDWARD T. TAYLOR.

IN these days when the life of a great cyclopædia is reckoned at only ten years it is not strange that even so delightful a collection of personal incidents as the "Life of Father Taylor," by Rev. Gilbert Haven and Hon. Thomas Russell, should have disappeared from the booksellers' shelves. The man himself will never be forgotten by those

who had the good fortune to see and hear him in the days of his glory, but his fame will make a smaller figure in permanent history than that of many inferior men, for the reason that his genius was of the meteoric order rather than after the manner of planets or stars.

It is this very exceptional character that

gives chief interest to such biographies as that of Taylor, Cartwright, and Gruber, bright and shining lights in Methodist annals, whose passage through the firmament was not only more noticeable but more beneficent by reason of the fact that they were so unlike other men. It is not difficult to follow the fashions in character and action; it is only large, heroic souls who can and dare make fashions for themselves.

In the year 1828 a small band of Boston Methodists who were interested in that class of men who go down to the sea in ships, determined to erect a chapel for their especial benefit and use. For this project there were two strong reasons: first, the neglected condition of the sailors as to the means of grace; second the presence of a man who, beyond a doubt, was divinely raised up to preach to them. Their efforts resulted in the formation of the Boston Port Society—a body of fifteen, nine of whom were Methodists—and the erection of the spacious Seamen's Bethel in North Square, at a cost of about twenty-four thousand dollars, which building was opened for divine service in the year 1833.

But why should there be a special house of worship for sailors any more than for blacksmiths or carpenters or merchants?

For the reason that sailors are of a different world. There is the world of land and the world of water, each of which has its own population, and, in some respects, there is as wide a difference between the men who belong on land and the men who belong on the water, as there is between quadrupeds and fishes. For example, shore religion will not suit a true son of the ocean; he must have the salt water article, not that he is bigoted or notional, but that, as certain learned men of these times have it, his "environment" has produced in him an incapacity for believing shore theology, or feeling at home in a land-lubber's church. He has a sense of insecurity on shore where there are land-sharks and policemen, and narrow streets and crowds, and carts, and fire engines, and all manner of dangers; but once well off shore, in a good craft, he lies in his bunk like a baby in its cradle, with the waves to rock him and the winds to sing him to sleep.

Just so it is with his religion. There are plenty of land churches—I speak not now of such as have been built to aid in selling town lots—where a sailor would be welcome, but what he finds there is apt to awaken in his mind a sense of insecurity; the rig is not ship-shape, the captain never served before the mast but climbed in at the cabin windows, the channel, doctrinally speaking, is narrow and crooked, full of dogmatic rocks and infernal shoals, he feels the keel grating on the bottom; in short, the old salt, in salvation as well as in navigation, must have sea-room. If he is to go to church on shore at all, it must be in a bethel near the docks, as near like a ship as may be, with a man on the quarter-deck who is thoroughly at home on salt water, and who is well acquainted with the God of the ocean.

"What!" cries one, indignantly, "are there then separate deities for landsmen and seamen?"

Easy now. Can a Methodist worship the Old-school Presbyterian God, or a Baptist render homage to a deity who allows "infant sprinkling"?

The sea is broader, more free, more alive than the land—how, then, can a true child of the ocean be expected to seek and experience shore religion? If a "land lubber" is entitled to choose the style of his religion according to such trifles of human speculation, how much more is the grand creative distinction to be kept up which leads the sailor to look for a minister who is master of Gospel seamanship?

Such a man was Edward Thompson Taylor, now for nine years a member of the New England Conference; and so large a factor was he in the problem that it might be said the Boston Port Society was organized and the Bethel erected in order to give him an opportunity to exercise his powers. Without this man in sight it does not appear that the society would have been established or that the church would have been built. He was a sailor preacher, and in all other respects as well as this was he fitted to be pastor of a sailor congregation. He was a slightly built man, but there was too much of him to be contented with city or country; it was evident he must have a parish no

smaller than the waters of the globe. His temper was as changeable as the clouds; his genius as irrepressible as the tides; his passion was capable of hurricanes, tornadoes, typhoons; his love was like the depths which no one has ever been able to fathom. It was hardly safe, it certainly was not economical, to keep such a man at work trying to preach sea gospel to landsmen. Small parishes prisoned him, large ones were afraid of him; he chafed at all limitations, he despised all regularity; therefore, the obvious thing to do with him was to establish him on the ocean or close by it, and make him the pastor of a vast itinerant congregation which had for its circuit three-quarters of the surface of the globe.

Our Lord once found the shore too strait for him, and entering into a ship he thrust out a little from the land, and from thence preached to the multitudes. Father Taylor's Bethel stood for that "ship," and for forty years the "multitudes" both from sea and land crowded to hear his words.

Who was this Edward T. Taylor?

No one seems to know. Indeed, he did not know himself. He once belonged to a lady in Richmond, Virginia, to whom some one had given him away; but this belonging amounted to very little, for when he was about seven years old he ran away to sea. Thus, in the Virginia vernacular, he was literally "raised" by the ocean. The date of his birth is set down as December 25, 1793, a good day for a birthday, so good, indeed, that with all the other uncertainties connected with the child, it is a little doubtful whether nature chose Christmas for the date of his nativity or whether he, knowing nothing to the contrary, chose it for himself.

It is obvious that young Taylor must have had a father and mother somewhere, and it is easy to believe that they were in heaven and were permitted to watch, as guardian angels, over their orphan boy; for up through the wild life of the sea and the wicked ways of the shore he grew and flourished, his soul enlarged by the one and his habits not ruined by the other. No one spoke to him of a Savior, but the Savior is able to speak to people for himself. In his seventeenth year, having made the port of Boston, as he was one

evening strolling through the town he found himself at the entrance of the old Bromfield Street Methodist Church, where that great man, afterward that great bishop, Elijah Hedding, was preaching in a style which has been described as "common sense on fire." That was the kind of preaching for Taylor, that was the kind of preaching for which he himself was in preparation. At the close of the sermon he went to the altar, and after an outright and downright struggle in prayer for mercy, he rose from his knees a conscious child of God. This was in the Autumn of the year 1811.

It might be difficult in these days to find a Methodist meeting in Boston, or anywhere else in New England, where such freedom in spiritual exercises was indulged in as at the old Bromfield Street Church. Here the young sailor was at home. He took to Methodism as naturally as to the sea. He properly belonged to both, for they both, like Jerusalem, the mother of us all, are "free." If the young convert sometimes shouted the praises of God in the full power of a voice strengthened by ocean gales, it was quite in keeping with the rest of the exercises in that assembly. In their view of the case it would have appeared like asking the children of the bride chamber to fast while the bridegroom was with them, to ask a young convert, a sailor, and a Southerner at that, to keep himself quiet in a prayer or class meeting; therefore, Taylor began his religious life in the enjoyment of "liberty," a state of grace from which he never fell. He was so ignorant that he could hardly read a text in the Bible, but in prayer he had a wonderful gift. He talked with God instead of talking to him, opened out his heart, stated his opinions, inquired about whatever puzzled him, sometimes made rather free remarks on the spiritual condition of persons in whom he was interested, and in all ways made himself free with his Father in heaven, whose child he felt himself to be; perhaps it might be added, a spoiled child.

After a long religious revel on shore, during which he became the prime favorite with the Bromfield Street brethren and sis-

ters, he must needs go to sea again, this time as a privateersman in the Black Hawk, a vessel fitted out to make reprisals on British commerce during the war of 1812. This would not appear to be a very good training-school for a young man destined for the Gospel ministry, but it was for him the shortest, if not the only road to a pulpit.

The crew of the Black Hawk, with the stars and stripes at the peak, sailed away from Boston to torment the British; but in this case it was the privateers and not the British who were tormented, for they were captured by an English man-of-war, carried to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and, along with large numbers of other unfortunates of the same class, were thrust into a miserable prison, where those who did not die of starvation or disease, were kept until the close of the war. The Halifax authorities were good enough to provide a chaplain for their prisoners, whose prayers and sermons, being strongly flavored with loyalty to their king, were not relished by the Yankees; and, finding that Taylor could pray, they sent in a petition that he might be henceforth their chaplain. To this the authorities gave consent, and Taylor thenceforth led their devotions, greatly to their edification and delight.

His prison companions next arrived at the conclusion that a man who could pray so well must be able to preach, and entirely against his will young Taylor was fairly dragged into an effort at a sermon. Sitting down with one of his shipmates, he asked him to read some passages from the Bible, hoping that something might appear which would suggest a line of discourse. His fellow-prisoner read on and on, until at last he came to this passage, "The poor and the wise child is better than an old and foolish king."

"Stop," said Taylor, "read that again."

"That will do; give me the chapter and verse." The chapter and verse were given him, and the young man began to struggle over his first sermon. When the preaching time came, Taylor opened in a blundering, bungling manner; but presently, overcoming his embarrassment, he launched out

into a most telling description of the "old and foolish king" who was waging war against themselves and their friends, holding them in vile bondage, abridging their liberties, trespassing upon their rights, and spoiling them in every possible fashion; and such a tirade of wit and sarcasm and denunciation and fury did he pour out against this "old and foolish king" that his fellow-prisoners began to be alarmed lest he might be overheard by some of the subjects of the king aforesaid; whereupon Taylor, seeing the anxiety in their faces, broke out with,

"You think I mean King George? I don't. I mean the devil."

This adroit turn saved him, perhaps, from a flogging, for his keepers could find no fault with their prisoner on account of any thing he might say against the king of the lower regions, while his brother-prisoners were so delighted at his success as a preacher that they installed him in a prison pulpit without further ceremony; and thenceforth he exercised the gift that was in him to the best of his rapidly increasing ability.

At the end of the war Taylor returned to Boston, and not being encumbered with any considerable amount of prize money, he equipped himself with a peddler's cart, stocked with tinware and provided with proper receptacles for rags and old iron, with which he traveled about the country, buying and selling, preaching and praying. Some time in the year of 1814 a pious old lady named Sweetzer, in the sea-coast town of Saugus, took a liking to the young peddler, and offered him employment in the care of her little farm, which being more to his liking than the junk business, he left the cart and settled down as a farmer.

Of course such a man with such an experience could not keep silent, and when his talents became known he was invited to preach in the old Rock school-house, in East Saugus; where, for a considerable length of time, he amused bad people and edified good ones by rude harangues, dignified with the name of sermons, devoting himself in his leisure time to the study of

the Bible and hymn-book. Some rude fellows of the baser sort would occasionally attend his meetings in the Rock school-house to make disturbance, but Taylor always found ready hands to defend him. Many a time he tore along at the top of his voice with his rough and ready sermon while the rowdies of the neighborhood were howling without, or stamping and groaning within.

In the Spring of 1817 Taylor had the good fortune to fall in with that wealthy and liberal Methodist, Amos Binney, who, seeing the genius of the young man, sent him to the New Market Seminary, which was at that time the only Methodist school in America. The proper studies, of course, for a pupil of his limited acquirements were the simple rudiments of the English language; but Taylor, instead of giving himself to reading and spelling, and the rules of English grammar, plunged into philosophy, astronomy, and other high departments of learning, with which he struggled like a hero for a period of six weeks; but feeling more and more the pressure of his call to the ministry, he bade good-bye to the school at the close of the term, having in that short time reached the highest honors, and been appointed to deliver the valedictory address. Thenceforth he was wholly innocent of scholastic training or restraint.

In 1819 Taylor took two steps of momentous importance, both of which were the beginnings of boundless blessing; namely, he joined the New England conference, and he married Miss Deborah Millett.

An amusing incident is related in connection with this wedding, which shows the extreme absent-mindedness of this brilliant but erratic man. One bright Autumn day he went out for a walk, climbed a hill in Hingham that overlooked the sea, and throwing himself on the ground, sighed his soul away to the bluffs of Marblehead, just visible some twenty miles across Massachusetts Bay, where dwelt the lady of his love. All at once it occurred to him that this was the day which she had named for their wedding. He had absolutely forgotten it! Alas! He could not fly across, and it was

now too late to walk around the gulf which separated him from his bride. There was no boat to carry him, and the journey by land was not less than forty miles. Surprised and mortified at himself, the expectant bridegroom started for the wedding with all speed, arriving at the home of the expectant bride on the day following that set for the celebration of the nuptials. The maiden was seriously offended, but she was also thoroughly in love with the young sailor, and devoted soul and body to her mission in sharing his life-work; therefore, Taylor was forgiven his strange offense, though it was evident that the care of such a man must henceforth be no small tax upon the love and patience of his wife.

To this godly woman Father Taylor was largely indebted for his success. He was visionary, she was practical; he was impetuous, she was deliberate; he was a genius, she was full of Christian wisdom. Happily for both the head of the family recognized the constitutional peculiarities of himself and his wife, and presently turned over the administration of all household matters to her hands. She was his banker, else he would have actually come to grief through his impulsive, lavish charity.

"A little palm oil, if you please," he would say persuasively to Mother Taylor.

"What have you done with that ten-dollar bill I gave you the other day?"

"O, I met poor brother B—— that very morning; he was out of money, and I was so glad I had ten dollars to give him."

As has been indicated it was partly to utilize a valuable man then going to waste that the Boston Port Society was organized. The Methodists were poor, but they could furnish the chief requisite for the success of the enterprise. The Unitarians were rich in money, thus it came to pass that an undenominational society was formed, and a Bethel built from whose pulpit no Christian minister was to be excluded on theological grounds. And here the immortal Father Taylor, for forty-three years in succession, from 1829 to 1871, under the appointment of Methodist bishops, with a congregation made up of all sorts and conditions of men

and women, preached as a sailor to sailors. He gave nautical names to the various parts of the edifice; insisted that his "boys," as he called them, should always have the best seats, stowed the "landsmen" in the gallery or under it, or wherever else they would be most out of the way, walked his long platform pulpit as a captain paces his quarter-deck, and talked to his "boys" in salt-water English until they could almost feel the ship rocking on the waves and hear the sighing of the winds—sometimes the roarings of the hurricane—through the rigging, although they were hard and fast aground in one of the most spacious and substantial church edifices in the State of Massachusetts.

It would be a hopeless task if any one were to attempt a description of Father Taylor as a preacher. He was unique, therefore there is nothing with which to compare him, or by which to measure him. He was, first of all, an embodiment of the sailor idea; somewhat exaggerated, to be sure; yet in no sense overgrown, only intensified. He was the sailor at his best, overflowing with the power and spirit of the ocean—an incarnation of every thing bright and wild and generous and free that belongs to that half, or three-quarters of the world. He was fore-ordained to preach in that Bethel. His whole previous life was a providential training for it, just as the first eighty years of the life of Moses was a period of preparation for the office of God's vicegerent.

There were two chief elements in the man: First, as we have said, the sea; second, divine grace. Both of these were in him by experience; both were at home in him. Now add a third gift, namely, the power to put these two into words, so that men could see and hear and feel them, and you have, or appear to have, three points through which to draw a circle that will describe the man.

Try it.

Well, here is the sea, to begin with.

But the sea is every-where.

And here is true religion.

That, too, is every-where, or may be.

And the power to put the sea and the Gospel into sermons.

That is the ultimatum of the English tongue. You have not defined or even captured your man.

There are none of this man's sermons extant; and it is just as well there are not. Any possible report of them would only belittle the preacher, just as is the case with the sermons of Whitefield. Only a few fragments of his wonderful discourses have been preserved, and these have been written out from memory.

"One Sunday he attempted to give to his sailor congregation an idea of redemption. He began with an eloquent description of a terrific storm at sea, rising to fury through all its gradations; then, amid the waves, a vessel is seen laboring in distress, and driving on a lee shore. The masts bend and break, and go overboard; the sails are rent, the helm unshipped. They spring a leak! the vessel begins to fill, the water gains on them; she sinks deeper, deeper, *deeper, deeper!* He bent over the pulpit, repeating the last words again and again; his voice became low and hollow. The faces of the sailors, as they gazed up at him, with their mouths wide open and their eyes fixed, I shall never forget. Suddenly stopping, and looking to the farthest end of the chapel, as into space, he exclaimed, with a piercing cry of exultation, 'A life-boat! a life-boat!' Then, looking down upon his congregation, most of whom had sprung to their feet in an ecstasy of suspense, he said in a deep, impressive tone, and extending his arms, '*Christ is that life-boat!*'

"On one occasion, preaching from the text of St. Paul, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,' etc., he suddenly stopped, and, looking up to heaven, cried with a loud voice, 'Paul! are there any more crowns there?' He paused again. Then, casting his eyes upon the congregation, he continued, 'Yes, my brethren, there are more crowns left. They are not all taken up yet. Blessed be God!'

"Creeds! Shipmates," cried he, in one of his scathing sermons against religious bigotry, "if any body were to ask you who made the heavens and the earth, and all that are in them, you would very properly answer, God; and, if you should be asked who made all the creeds, you would just as readily respond, men, and be right in both cases. Now creeds,

like Joseph's coat of many colors, are made of patches—no two of them alike, or one of them to-day what it was when first made. Even our new friends, the Millerites, since they broke their crank in trying to wind the world up, have been compelled to add a new patch to their creed, to explain the blunders in their figuring. Creeds are all well enough in their way, but, like every thing human, they are imperfect. No man shall make a creed for me, and I'm sure I don't want to make a creed for any one else.

"A common danger gives men a common creed. A few days since one of the brethren just returned from sea told me a story that will explain what I mean by a common danger giving men a common creed, or, if you like the phrase better, a common religion. He was one of the crew of a large ship, bound from Liverpool for New York, with over four hundred souls on board, mostly steerage passengers. Half-passage out she was beset by a hurricane, which blew all her sails from the bolt-ropes; the sea swept away her boats, bulwarks, and every thing movable from her decks; and to add to the horror of those on board, when the storm moderated, she caught fire below. New sails were immediately bent, and she was headed for the Western Islands, while the passengers were employed pouring water below, in the hope of drowning the fire. It was all in vain. The fire increased; the pitch began to melt from the seams of the planking; the lower parts of the hold-pumps were burned off. All work ceased; the captain called the crew and passengers together, and told them that it was hardly possible for the ship to continue afloat another day, for she was leaky as well as on fire; he, therefore, thought it right that they should all unite in prayer, and he advised every one to pray for himself, in his own way. As if moved by a common impulse, they prostrated themselves on the deck without uttering a word. Now, what do you think they prayed for? A little more Methodism, a little more Catholicism, a little more Presbyterianism, a little more Unitarianism, or Universalism, or any other *ism*? No, no, brethren. A common danger had given them a common religion. Every soul communed with the same God.

"When they rose from the deck, a young sailor bounded aloft; and, when he reached the royal masthead, shouted with all his might, 'Sail, ho! steering in our wake.' In a moment the ship was hove to, after which

the sailors swarmed up the rigging to see for themselves.

"Now wait a minute, shipmates, and I will show you how these poor souls, who but a few minutes before were all praying to a common Father, now began to differ, to make *creeds* according to their range of vision. Only one small square sail could be seen above the horizon, but the vessel was end on, and from this the sailors began to reason whether the craft to which it belonged was a ship, a bark, or a brig. And this controversy continued until she was hull out with studding-sails set on both sides. The signal of distress had been seen; and, as if by magic, she was clothed with all drawing sail. Now, what mattered it whether she was a ship, a bark, or a brig? She was a savior. Was not that enough?

"Blessed Jesus, give us common sense, and let no man put blinkers on us, that we can only see in a certain direction; for we want to look all around the horizon—yea, to the highest heavens and to the lowest depths of the ocean."

"I have a very distinct recollection," says one of his admirers, "of his speech at a temperance *soirée*, gotten up by the ladies of Charlestown, Massachusetts, during the year 1843, if I rightly remember. All matters connected with it had been happily arranged, and Father Taylor was in one of his best moods. After presenting to the assembled throng some startling views of the terrible system on which the ladies were waging a pretty vigorous war, he closed with one of those bursts of eloquence which it would seem impossible to forget:

"And here it is yet, the accursed system, to plague and torture us, although we have exposed its villanies, until it would seem that Satan himself ought to be ashamed to have any connection with it. I am not sure but he is; but some of his servants hereabouts have more brass and less shame than their master. Yes! here it is yet; and over there, too, in the great city, the 'Athens of America,' where the church-spires, as they point upward, are almost as thick as the masts of the shipping along the wharves, all the machinery of the drunkard-making, soul-destroying business is in perfect running order, from the low grog-holes on the docks, kept open to ruin my poor sailor-boys, to the great establishments in Still House Square, which are pouring out the

elements of death even on God's holy day and sending up the smoke of their torment for ever and ever! And your wives and daughters, even as they walk to the churches on Sunday, brush the very skirts of their silk dresses against the mouths of open grog-shops that gape by the way. And your poor-houses are full, and your courts and prisons are filled, with the victims of this infernal rum traffic; and your homes and the hearts of your wives and mothers are full of sorrow: yet the system is tolerated! And when we ask men what is to be done about it, they tell us that 'you can't help it!' No, you can't stop it! and yet (darting across the platform, and pointing in the direction of the monument, he exclaimed in a voice which pierced our ears like the blare of a trumpet) there is Bunker Hill! And you say 'you can't stop it!' and up yonder is Lexington and Concord, where your fathers fought for the right, and bled and died, and you look on their monuments, and boast of the heroism of your fathers, and then tell us we must forever submit to be taxed and tortured by this accursed rum traffic, and we can't stop it! No! And yet (drawing himself up to full height, and expanding his naturally broad chest as though the words he would utter had blocked up the usual avenues of speech, and were about to force their way out by explosion, he exclaimed in a sort of whispered scream) your fathers, your patriotic fathers, could make a cup of tea for his Britannic Majesty out of a whole cargo, but you can't cork up a gin jug! Ha!!"

An English lady visiting this country once said: "There are two cataracts in America, Niagara and Father Taylor."

He preached by inspiration. It is said that he seldom thought out, and it is certain he never wrote out, these marvelous utterances with which he carried his hearers into the unknown regions of his faith or his fancy. He was tender or terrific according as love or retribution flashed or blazed upon his vision. God could trust this man to speak for him, since he had nothing to say for himself.

For many years Father Taylor was the pet and pride of his conference and the chief attraction at dedications, camp-meetings, and such great occasions, where his impromptu sermons convulsed his audience with wit, melted them with pathos, and

listened them to the third heaven of spiritual delight. But if he was admirable in preaching and exhortation, he was still more impressive in prayer. His biographer says: "His sweep of language on such occasions was wonderful. The choicest word dropped into its place: fancy figures flew like plumed birds from his brain; grace was upon his lips, the sea phrases wove themselves into language as easily as breezes blow through the sails, their fitness was as remarkable as their freshness. He could be tender, sarcastic, theological, just as he pleased; he preached sermons, administered rebuke, indulged wrath such as he thought righteous, burned in entreaty with souls, flowed in tears—every mood of spirit found expression in this form. He would sometimes stop in the middle of a prayer to explain or exhort. For instance: having used the petition that the Lord would shower down and inspire a due penitence for sin, he paused, opened his eyes, and said to the congregation, 'The command is watch as well as pray. Be on the watch when the first drops fall, for then He is come or he will be right off again;' and closing his eyes he went on with his prayer."

During the session of the New York Conference in 1842, Dr. Capers, afterwards bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, preached a sermon from the text "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." The doctor dwelt upon the importance of making sacrifices, and illustrated the casting of the bread upon the waters by the way they sowed rice at the South. Saying: "They would wade into the water leg deep in order to sow it." At the close of the sermon Father Taylor was called up into the pulpit to conclude by reading a hymn and offering prayer. He began his prayer in this way: "O Lord, bless the preacher who has preached to us this morning. We bless thee that he has not only come from a warm climate, but he has a warm heart. O Lord, the minister has skinned us this morning, but save us from skulking, keep us from dodging; Lord, help us to bear it like men, for thou knowest we deserve it. O Lord God, forgive us our

meanness, and if you will only forgive us this time, hereafter we will make all the sacrifices necessary. We will wade into the water, not only leg deep, but up to our necks, up to our chins; only, Lord, do n't drown us, though we deserve it; just spare our lives, and it is all we can ask."

Whatever effect this prayer may have had above, it certainly produced a marvelous impression upon the minds of those who heard it below. The ministers broke down and sobbed like little children, and all over the house there were faces shining with smiles and at the same time wet with tears.

It would be strange if such a gift as this were not sometimes abused, but Father Taylor prayed for effect in both worlds, and the divine power which descended in answer to his call was evidence enough that the Lord was not displeased at that style of praying, whatever men might think of it. It must be admitted that he was a little like a spoiled child in his prayers.

One notable trait in his character was his catholicity. He was on excellent terms with all his orthodox brethren, and his heart was capacious enough, after they had been properly stowed, to take in "all sorts and conditions of men," except those whose small natures were wholly occupied with their own opinions. On one occasion an orthodox minister declined to sit with Father Taylor in his pulpit because it had once been occupied by the Unitarian, Henry Ware, whereupon the old sea king fell upon his knees and prayed thus:

"O Lord, there are two things that we want to be delivered from in Boston, one is bad rum and the other is religious bigotry; which is worse thou knowest, and I do n't. Amen."

Yet he was by no means loose in his doctrinal notions. In theology he was a sturdy Methodist, and, like all the early New England preachers, he felt called to do battle with Calvinism. On one occasion, after listening to a preacher of this creed, who was insisting upon the impossibility of saving the non-elect, Father Taylor inquired, "When did you hear from Jesus Christ last?" To another, who was setting forth some of the hardest inferences from the hard

Geneva doctrines, he responded: "There is no use talking, brother; your God is my devil. Give him my compliments."

The prayer-meeting in the Bethel vestry, or as Father Taylor called it, "the old workshop," was the scene of many a wonderful conversion, and its walls often echoed with shouts and songs. The English that was spoken in that meeting was flavored more or less strongly with all languages and dialects known to the civilized world, for Father Taylor had some heart to love him on almost every ship that sailed the seas. To many of those men who had been wrecked by the vices which were all too prevalent among these hardy men, he was, indeed, a spiritual father. He would patiently open the truth to them, pray mightily while they groped for the Gospel life-buoy which the Lord had thrown them, and when they would rise to their feet and begin to shout for joy of deliverance, he would break out into shouts louder than theirs. "See," he would say, "see this sailor that is thrown on the beach. Look at the pearls that come from the ocean; jewels fit to adorn the Savior's diadem when he shall ride over the sea to judge the earth."

In this old "workshop" there were gathered about him a body of men and women almost as remarkable as himself. First among these was his stately and beautiful wife, whose sweet voice of song was a fit accompaniment to her husband's powerful exhortations, and many a sailor testified, to the praise of God, that he owed the salvation of his soul to the influence of Mother Taylor's singing.

Some of his veteran helpers were known by names which their minister had suddenly conferred upon them, given, perhaps, in response to some of their personal testimonies. One was "Salvation set to Music," another "Old North of Europe," while a third was called "Pure Hebrew," the allusion in this case being to the peculiar dialect in which the brother was accustomed to quote the Psalms of David.

There was occasionally a point to his impromptu utterances, which must have produced no little pain. On one occasion a

wealthy gentleman, in a very patronizing manner, made a speech in one of the meetings, telling the sailors how grateful they ought to be to the liberal Boston merchants who had erected this Bethel for their benefit. He had no sooner made an end than Father Taylor burst out with: "Is there any other old sinner from up town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?"

On another occasion a visitor was telling an anecdote which had appeared in all the religious newspapers of the country, and when he sat down Father Taylor remarked, "Lord, deliver us from stale bread."

A brother comparing religion to a medicine chest and making poor work of his comparison, Father Taylor exclaimed, "Brother, do get that medicine chest open and give us all a dose, and then sit down and give some one else a chance." But he was as free with his praises as his criticisms. One of his sailor boys, warming up in an exhortation, declared that "faith is like tinder in an old-fashioned tinder-box; shut it up and it will go out, give it vent and it will burn." Upon which Father Taylor slapped him on the back saying, "Well done, Peter; the bishop of England could n't better that."

A notable instance of his severity is given by his biographer as follows: "A visitor related the death of a very wicked man, a hardened sinner, who was blown up a few days before in one of his powder mills at Wilmington. He came down all crushed and mangled, and gave his heart to God. 'And now,' said the speaker, 'who would not say with the holy man of old, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?' Father Taylor rose at once and said: 'I don't want any such trash brought unto this altar. I hope none of my people calculate on serving the devil all their lives and cheating him with their dying breath. I do n't look forward to honoring God by giving him the last snuff of an expiring candle. Perhaps you will never be blown up in a powder mill. That *holy man*, he continued, 'that we have heard spoken of was Balaam, the meanest scoundrel mentioned in the Old Testament or the New, and now I hope we

shall never hear any thing more from Balaam—nor his ass.'"

If a man left the meeting during service Father Taylor considered it an insult to himself. Those leaving early in the service would sometimes be saluted as they passed out with some such remark as "Light stuff floats quick. He has got all he can take care of;" or, "Ah, poor fellow, his trouble is more than he can bear." On one occasion when, in the midst of his discourse, two spruce-looking clerks walked down the broad aisle to the door, he paused, fixed his eyes on them and said, in a patronizing tone, "That is right, go out. Little barrels are soon filled."

As age brought its infirmities upon this nervous, active man, he fought them like a lion at bay. One might almost imagine he expected to conquer them instead of being conquered by them; but, at last, in January, 1868, he reluctantly resigned his command of the Bethel, which he had held for nearly forty-three years, during which time he had picked up hundreds of shipwrecked mariners' souls, and, without an ambitious effort to extend his fame, had become one of the best known men in all the world. The Rev. Dr. Bartol, now the Nestor of Boston Unitarianism, in his funeral sermon over his dear old friend, says seamen have reported visits to remote regions where the United States had never been heard of, but none where they had not heard of Father Taylor. In June of this year his faithful wife ascended to the skies, and although receiving the tenderest care which love and money could secure, he became exceedingly restless and impatient over his own feebleness and the care which others were obliged to take of him. He hated to give up walking his quarter-deck, he hated to be nursed and "coddled," he hated to think that some other man was captain of the Bethel ship. Sometimes the old fire would break out into a blaze, but for the most part it smoked and smoldered.

To the last he was a sailor and a preacher. As an illustration of the ruling passion of his soul, his biographer relates the following touching incident. One morning about ten days before his death he was able to be

dressed and to walk about his room for a few minutes. As, with restless steps, he paced the floor of his chamber he caught sight of an old man with gray hair and trembling steps, who was walking the same floor with himself. At once he approached the stranger, whom he did not perceive to be but his own image reflected in the mirror, saluted him courteously, and began to exhort him to come to Christ.

"My dear sir," he cried, with a voice full of love and pity, "my dear sir, you are an old man. There is not much left of you, but Christ is willing to take you and save you even now. Come, my dear sir. Come now. Jesus will save you." Exhausted by this effort to bring one more sinner to his Savior he sank upon the sofa, and lost sight of the old man, who thus strangely furnished to him his last audience as a preacher. Then calling to the housekeeper, he said, "Sally, come here. That old man did not know enough to be saved; he did n't stir a peg while I was talking to him."

Two days afterwards being again able to walk, he again caught sight of the old man, and making a most courteous bow, again renewed his exhortation. "It is a very late hour," he said, "but Jesus will save you. Make the venture;" and then, overcome by his feelings, he again sank upon the sofa, and again called his attendant, saying, "That old man is an infidel; he won't have salvation at any price;" and over the hardness of his imaginary auditor's heart he grieved with real sorrow.

From this time his mind wandered. He tried to remember the faces of his friends, and was vexed with himself that he could

not recall them. On one occasion he broke out fretfully with, "Oh! I am an old man. I do n't know any thing."

"Do n't you know Jesus?" asked his attendant.

With a sudden brightening of his wan face he quickly answered, "O yes! I know Jesus, I know Jesus."

At a little past midnight on the morning of the 6th of April, 1871, Father Taylor sailed on his last voyage, and sea-faring men, when they heard the hour of his departure, noted the fact that it was just at the turn of the tide. Beyond a doubt he was welcomed on his arrival at the port of glory, as evidence whereof let this incident—a thoroughly characteristic one—conclude this imperfect sketch.

At the time of the great famine in Ireland the ship *Macedonian* was sent out with supplies, and Father Taylor accompanied the expedition as chaplain. On his return he alighted from the top of a coach at the door of his residence with several walking-sticks which his enthusiastic Irish admirers had probably presented him, and a couple of little shaggy Scotch terriers, which he held by a chain. This was the sum total of his baggage. Every thing else, except what he wore, on his own person, the good man had given away.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Surely such a soul would be hailed with rejoicing among the angels of God upon its arrival in heaven; but the earth and the sea has not yet ceased to be lonesome for him, for since he ascended his like has never appeared.

A PIECE OF PORCELAIN.

LIKE a good deal else both in the works of nature and industry, the beautiful porcelain which adorns our tables and mantelpieces had a harsh and unexpected beginning. It does not rise at the bidding of the skillful potter from clay found ready made in the bosom of the earth, but is dependent

on the nice choice and careful adjustment of several elements, which are drawn from different places and demand very different treatment, before they come to us compacted into the beautiful clay that takes the shining shapes we so much admire. Porcelain is broadly distinguished from earthenware,

though being a semi-vitrified compound; one portion of it remaining infusible while the other fuses, and, combining with the infusible part, forms a smooth, compact, and semi-transparent substance. The beauty of porcelain results from the silica in the clay, which is infusible, and preserves its whiteness under great heat; this gives to it the hard and resonant character, while its semi-transparency comes from the elements that fuse and envelop it.

In China, where for ages porcelain of a very fine quality has been made, a peculiar clay was found in the earth, which greatly simplified the earlier processes for the Chinese potters; and in the development of the industry in Europe, research and invention have done their utmost to discover a direcer process than has yet been attained. Hence, probably the popular error by which the name was traced to the French *pour cent années*, instead of the Portuguese *porcellana*, a cup, based on the idea that the materials of which porcelain is composed required to be matured underground for a hundred years. The bulk of the materials do, indeed, require long maturing in the earth, but the origin of the name could hardly have sprung from that. Not the least interesting part of the manufacture, as we are fain to think, is the initial process of clay-making. Some time ago we had the privilege of a leisurely walk through one of the largest and most famous porcelain works in England, under the conduct of a guide well able to explain to us all the outs and-ins of the manufacture, and we, in our turn, shall now make the endeavor to familiarize others in some measure with what proved of the greatest interest to ourselves.

Instead, then, of being led at first to the ancient and romantic potter's wheel, we are conducted to a row of blazing kilns or furnaces where various substances, as we see, are being calcined—animal bone, and Swedish felspar, and flint are the chief, and they are submitted to the action of fire for the space of fifty hours or so, when to the superficial eye they have undergone a change more or less marked. The flint in particular comes out white. The necessity of this pro-

cess is, perceived the moment we pass into the next chamber. Here are a series of shafts driving heavy wheels of granite round and round in gigantic tubs, somewhat like the old-fashioned mill-pans, amidst white clayey-looking substances. This is the grinding. The various constituents for porcelain are here put through a series of these pans till they come out so fine a powder as, when mixed together in water, to pass through silk sieves with three thousand meshes to the square inch. Whatever is left as a residuum is ground again. About eight days is the period required for these repeated grindings, and then we have the prepared constituents of the fine clay.

For common white china the principal ingredients are Cornish granite, Cornish clay—which is, in fact, decayed granite—and calcined animal bone. For the Parian body, that is, for such pieces of porcelain as miniature statues and the rest, which are not glazed or painted over, but remain white, the Swedish felspar is substituted for the calcined bone. After the liquid clay has been tested by the sieve, it is run through a magnetic box while in a liquid condition, all particles of iron or other matter being extracted from it in the process. And this is most necessary, for even a hair or a grain of sand would spoil the whole work. As the clay comes from the magnet-box it passes into a hydraulic press that the water may be squeezed out of it, leaving it only moist. For what is called the opaque body, common flint is used. A composition of borax, tin, flint, and Cornwall clay is formed for the purposes of glazing, through which all the decorated work is carefully passed. We should not omit to notice the circumstance that the charcoal in the bone has the effect of giving the clay a dark color; so that when bone forms an ingredient, the finest clay is any thing but white as it passes through the hand of the potter—to recover its whiteness, however, in the burning. And our ingredients having now been properly mixed to form the clay, our next step is to the potter's wheel.

Here we have an exact reproduction of the pictures of early Egyptian or Biblical

times. The potter's wheel, turned by a lad or a girl at a little distance, has not designed to be wholly superseded as yet by all the scientific thought that has been brought to bear upon invention. Here it is the same as it was in the young days of the world, holding its own amongst the most intricate modern appliances. It is like a link relating the earliest life with our own, and excites a peculiar interest. A woman called a "baller" cuts the clay into the proper size, and lays it near the *thrower* or potter. The band round the wheel moves a wooden revolving disc right before him. He takes a piece of clay in his hand, sets it on the revolving board, first draws it up into a pillar-like form, and then depresses it quite flat to get rid of all air bubbles, and by the deft guidance of his fingers or by aid of the simplest tool, it finally rises, as it spins before him, into the shape he desires. It is then cut from the table with a metal wire. It seems more like magic than the result of any effort of will, with such dexterity and by such simple means is the process accomplished. But the potter at his wheel can only form the main body of the vessel; in the case of a cup or a jug or a vase, the handle is formed independently. A teapot, for example, is formed in four parts, of which only the round body is *thrown* or fashioned at the wheel; the spout, the handle, and the lid being, as we shall see, done differently.

After the first formation of any article on the potter's wheel, it is passed through a plaster of Paris mould, which absorbs the superfluous water from the clay, and the correct shape is then given to it on a lathe similar to an ordinary turning lathe. The delicate indentations and lines and round raised edges on such articles as candlesticks, as well as on cups and other vessels, are produced by the touch of a tool or knife, very similar to a turner's, as the lathe revolves. The great expertness that is acquired in this branch of the work is also wonderful. The separately made handle is passed through a separate mold, and is attached to the vessel while still moist. Water with a camel's hair pencil suffices to smooth down the joining, and the burning in the

kiln thoroughly unites the pieces. Very large vessels can be finished on the wheel—one-half being done at a time, and the parts afterwards united by the cement.

For flatter articles, such as plates, cakes of clay are rolled out on molds which have the form of the interior of the plate, and against this are pressed profiles with the outline of the outside of the article. But for certain branches of the manufacture, the potter has actually been superseded. Even here the refinements of modern life make inroads, and have modified, and are modifying, the old paths of pottery, as of so much else. For statuettes and various kinds of figures, or for ornamental devices of a larger kind, they are in a number of pieces, varying from five to six up to eighty or even ninety, which are afterward neatly joined together and cemented.

We next pass into what is called the *placing-room*. Each piece is here put into a round mold or crucible of strong earthenware, called a "saggar," and supported by very fine ground flint, to keep it exactly in position. As the articles in the burning contract a sixth, this proportion is always allowed in the size for contraction. It is a very peculiar fact that deep, round vessels, like tea-cups, would not maintain their circular form near the lip under the force of the fire, and a curiously simple device has been hit on to meet this tendency. A little circular ring of the same material—made in fact out of the waste clay—and so formed as to rest on the lip of the vessel, is placed on every such article in the crucibles; and this is found effectually to prevent all unequal shrinkage and contortion—the circular form being beautifully preserved.

And now we come to the *burning*, a part of the work which demands the utmost skill and care. A heat too intense or a few minutes too long in the kiln might spoil the whole contents. The kilns are large, round buildings of brick, narrowing upwards, and the articles in their crucibles are stored up on each other in high towers; so placed upon each other that no part of the porcelain is directly exposed to the fire, or likely to be injured by dirt or smoke. The pillars

of crucibles built on each other are set so far apart that the heat may the more speedily be equally diffused through the whole kiln. It takes on an average two days to fill a kiln, when five or six men are engaged in the work. As soon as it is filled the doorway is built up with double rows of bricks and a coating of mortar to make it quite air-tight. The fire is kept up for about forty-eight hours.

But it may be asked, How can the exact heat of the kiln and the stage of the burning be detected? It is done in this way: Round the kiln, at equal distances at a certain height, are small apertures, in a slanting direction, and through these the men in charge, with long tongs, can draw out little rough, round vessels of clay, placed there as "proofs," and when these have become burnt and transparent the oven is put out. The kiln then requires two days to cool, and about the same time to empty.

Each piece, on being taken from the crucible, is what is called scoured, that is, rubbed both outside and in with very fine sand-cloth, to remove the particles of flint-dust that may have adhered to it in the burning. The porcelain in this state is called *biscuit*; and much resembles marble. Such pieces as are meant to remain white are now carefully scoured, polished, and finished off; the others, after having been scoured, are dipped or washed in the glaze which we have described, and then taken wet into a hot room, on purpose to draw the bulk of water from the glaze. The porousness of the biscuit ware absorbs the moisture and dries up the film of glaze so as to insure uniformity; after glazing the articles are put into similar crucibles to the former ones, only supported by a roll of clay instead of flint-dust, and are burned for twelve hours in a "glaze kiln;" the purpose of this burning being to fasten on the glaze and to give surface.

The pieces which are destined to receive the more elaborate painting and gilding now pass into the more skilled hands. The plain circular lines of color or of gold are painted by turning the plate on a wheel with a brush in the hand kept steady at one point. Simple as it seems, perfection in this is the re-

sult of long practice. Certain colors are first put on simply to form an effective basis for gold; and those which are called "raised colors" require to be burned before the article can be touched with the gold, and are so prepared that they fuse with the glaze in burning. The gold again is not put upon it *pur et simple*, but is conveyed in a solution of mercury. The mixture is thus discolored and very ungoldlike so long as it remains wet; but under the action of the fire, to which it is again exposed, the mercury takes wings, in conformity with its name, and leaves pure, dull gold. This is afterwards burnished with blood-stone or agate-stone, which brings out every portion of it clear and bright. Women are largely employed in this portion of the work. Articles which are to have fancy designs upon them of flowers or other objects, involving numerous colors, are submitted to a special body of artists who paint on such of the colors as can be burned in together; and then others and others till the design is complete. These later burnings, however, become less and less severe, not generally lasting longer than six or seven hours.

On an average there are six or eight burnings for each piece; and in the case of the very finest ware, painted in delicate colors, there are as many as twelve or fourteen burnings, with the risk of breakage increasing at each stage. On some of the cheaper kinds of ware, the outline is transferred to the porcelain by an adaptation of the principle of steel-plate printing. The color is first transferred to sized paper from the plates, and then the pattern is cut out so as to be attached to the articles, which hold it with great tenacity. After a short time the paper is wetted and removed, and the pattern is left quite clearly outlined on the article, and is afterwards painted over and then burned in. Some of the more carefully executed specimens of this kind of work are good imitations of the genuine hand-painting in certain patterns; but the great bulk of it is very easily distinguishable by the peculiar character of the thin flowing lines. Women and young girls do the greater part of this work.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF SUPERANNUATION.

BY A SUPERANNUATE.

THERE are superannuated or retired ministers in every Christian denomination; and probably whatever may be said of those in any one branch of the Church will apply equally well to all. But as the writer has had experience only in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the views here given are only such as his own relations and experiences have suggested.

After some examination of statistics we believe the whole number of superannuated preachers in all the conferences is not far from one thousand two hundred, or about ten per cent of the aggregate number of traveling ministers, to say nothing of the widows and orphans of deceased preachers. Some of these men—we have no means of ascertaining how large a proportion of the whole—are engaged in various branches of secular business, and are thus obtaining a partial or more or less adequate support for themselves and their families. A few of the others—we are equally uncertain how many—have so much property of their own, that they are saved from want. Others may be found in every grade, from the comfortable circumstances of those just named, down to the lowest condition of poverty. Some of these men enjoy comfortable health and have a good degree of physical and mental vigor. Others are worn and weak, and others are shattered with disease, or tottering with age and feebleness. To judge correctly of the present experiences of these men, especially of the classes last named, we must look a little at their situation before they were obliged to retire from active Church work.

The pastor of a Church, by virtue of his office, occupies a peculiar social position. He is a public man, a man of more than ordinary influence. He has not worked his way slowly up to that position, he has not wriggled him-

self into it by political maneuvering. He was put into it, and endowed from the very first with claims for special consideration. The act of the conference in approving his character as a minister in good standing, and the act of the bishop in appointing him to his pastoral charge, constitute an official indorsement of the man which makes him at once a prominent person in the community. To a diffident young man this position brings special embarrassments. He naturally shrinks from the prominence which he can not shun. He must obey the demands which are upon him, and in doing so he necessarily comes into prominent social as well as official relations. He is admitted, he is invited, into the best society; he receives the respectful and kind attentions of the people. However embarrassing these things may be to the young minister, in time he becomes accustomed to them; and after years of similar experience, he naturally comes to accept them as the ordinary accompaniments of his calling.

But the wings of time are never weary, the years go by, the young man grows old. He can not conceal his whitening locks, he can not always hide his spectacles behind the pulpit cushion; he can not make his voice sound as full and fresh as it did forty years ago. Old preachers are "behind the times." They will not do for struggling or aspiring or popular Churches. The man of years is not asked for by the Churches as he once was. At the conference session the question of the bishop to his cabinet is not, "Who shall have him?" but, "Who will take him?" And soon he is compelled to "take himself," and retire as a superannuate. What and where does he find himself now?

Perhaps he remains in the community where he last served as pastor. If he has children, he will probably seek a place where good educational privileges may be enjoyed. He may

have a few hundred dollars laid by, and the question is how shall he invest it to the best advantage, and what shall he do for a living? Now, very likely, commences his series of mistakes. It is entirely natural that it should be so; his life-long education has made it natural.

There are exceptions. Some ministers are shrewd at putting their surplus savings into well-paying investments. In such cases it is soon whispered about that Rev. Mr. —— is a worldly man, he is growing rich. Thus any particular show of financial skill becomes a damage to ministerial reputation, and therefore a warning to other ministers to beware of giving their thoughts to the devices of mammon. But, in the great majority of cases, the superannuate finds himself out of his sphere, inexperienced and green in financial matters. He hesitates and does not put his little means to use; or, he accepts the advice of a good brother who is interested in some very promising enterprise; he invests there, and is fortunate if he does not for years have burdensome taxes or other expenses to pay, without a dollar in return.

More probably, however, the superannuate has accumulated nothing for investment, and the question with him is, How shall I obtain the comforts of life as the months go by, and how shall I provide for the coming years of age and feebleness? Serious questions these are for one in that situation; and they often grow more serious as the months do go by and as age and feebleness increase. There are ministers who all their years of active work can command salaries so ample that nothing but extravagant living prevents them from laying by, from year to year, a sum which shall be sufficient for the years of superannuation. But these popular men are the exception. It is not for this class that any word of appeal needs to be uttered. It is not from this class that the Church in general should form their opinions as to the claims of superannuates.

The writer has long been acquainted with a man whose years of active life were about equally divided between the pastoral work and teaching in the higher literary institutions of the Church. The highest salary he ever received in any of these positions was eight hundred dollars. Once, in the pastoral work, his salary was estimated at one thousand dollars;

but at the end of the year, eight hundred dollars was the utmost dollar received. With several children to educate, and the ordinary expenses of a family to meet, it seemed no very strong proof of extravagance that when the time of superannuation came he had accumulated nothing for future support. Salaries are generally higher now than when this man was doing his work, and eight hundred dollars was probably above the average sum paid in those years to men occupying similar positions.

If the superannuated man had, in early life, acquaintance with any secular business, and can now find employment in that line, he is fortunate, and may be able to pass along with tolerable comfort. But it is seldom that a business which has been laid aside for thirty or forty years can be taken up in after years so as to bring very satisfactory results. Very many of these men depend chiefly for their support upon the appropriations made to them by the conferences with which they are connected. These appropriations differ largely in the different conferences. The average of these sums throughout the Church would probably range somewhere between fifty and one hundred and fifty dollars a year to each full claimant. This is a real benediction to these men; when it comes it helps them and their families to many a comfort for which they had been waiting for months. But that very welcome aid is quite inadequate to meet the requirements for food, clothing, fuel, and other necessities for the entire year. Would you know what economy is? Go to the retired itinerant's home. But bear in mind that, after all the signs of close living which may be seen there, the real economy of that home is mostly concealed from the visitor's eye. The retired and retiring man calls at your house. You welcome him, and invite him to a seat upon a soft sofa or a richly cushioned easy-chair. Your greeting cheers him, for it revives the memories of his former years. You courteously return his call. He sets for you an unushioned chair, worn and bruised by many an itinerant removal from parsonage to parsonage. And as you take your seat he thinks of the chairs you use at home. You kindly invite him to dine with you. He accepts your invitation, enjoys the interview and the refreshments; but he can not help wishing he could reciprocate your courtesy. You occasionally send in some

timely supply for his table or wardrobe. He expresses his gratitude, but feels more than he can utter. Occasionally very valuable gifts come to the superannuate's house, sent with such adroit secrecy that he can return his thanks only by thanking God and asking him to bless the unknown donor.

These unexpected exhibitions of kindness awaken many grateful emotions in a susceptible heart. But at the same time the thought will frequently arise, "Am I really an object of charity? So my neighbors seem to regard me." Thus a humiliation thrusts itself into his happiest surprises and his warmest gratitude. The bee that deposits the honey may unconsciously deposit a sting also.

I have spoken only of the superannuated minister himself. But in many cases he is blest and burdened with a family—blest by the careful economy, the cheering sympathy, the unfailing affection of her whose influence, often unperceived even by him, has strengthened him for his great responsibilities; burdened, not so much by the additional expenses required, as by the anxiety he feels when he sees that the scanty means at his disposal come short of furnishing to those loved ones the bare comforts of humble life. When lack of means puts the employment of help in the kitchen and over the wash-tub entirely out of the question, it is not the man alone who learns what superannuation signifies. Feebleness grows upon the wife as well as upon the husband. Repairing and refitting old garments, instead of purchasing new ones, for herself and her family consumes her time, taxes her brain, repels her sleep; while the cheaper supplies for the table tell upon her strength, and cheaper supplies for the wardrobe put her in noticeable contrast with others in the social circle and in the Sabbath congregation. She can not enjoy the lectures and other literary entertainments which her neighbors enjoy, because an admission fee is required. No word of complaint comes from her lips; but while her persistent leaning upon the divine arm is evident, there is seen in her a growing disposition to shrink into retirement and obscurity.

Let it not be supposed that through all these experiences the ex-pastor has had his mind exclusively fixed upon these matters of temporal want and supply. Never before could

he have preached so effectively as now, if called to do so, upon such texts as these: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." The pressure which comes upon the broken-down man is not simply a weight upon his heart, it is also a pressure closer to the heart of Infinite Love.

There are, undoubtedly, many needy superannuates whose declining years are seldom if ever brightened by those kind surprises which have been alluded to above. This will depend in part upon the impression which the superannuate himself has made upon the community where he resides, and in part upon the character of that community as to generous and sympathetic kindness. I do not attempt here to describe the condition of those who have abundance of all earthly comforts; and I could not fully describe the experiences of the many who are down at the other extreme. Poverty, from whatever cause, can not but be a hard and discouraging condition; and to those who have once been in a better condition it is, from the contrast, peculiarly painful. But when one who, without wealth of his own, has, by the just claims of his profession, received the supplies and comforts which those in easy circumstances enjoy, and has for years shaped all the plans and habits of his home and his life in accordance with those conditions, when he comes into the straits of poverty, not from loss of property, but from loss of health, loss of bodily or mental vigor, and consequent loss of position, the case brings trials of a peculiar character. The sufferer is perplexed. He knows not whether to condemn himself for his persistent unworldliness in the years of his active ministry, or to thank God that he was kept in that state of unworld-

liness, whatever the present consequences may be; whether to chide himself for having formerly "taken no thought for the morrow," or to chide himself now for any seeming wish that he had violated that divine injunction.

The relief, whether much or little, which the superannuate receives as a claimant upon his conference is not attended with the feelings of humiliation which come with individual donations. He may deeply regret the necessity of being a conference claimant, but he feels that he is in a just sense entitled to what he thus receives. The right to this allowance was implied in the original act which made him a member of the annual conference. It would probably be unfortunate for the interest of the Church if the funds at the disposal of the conferences for their superannuated members were so large as to put those men into conditions of personal or family luxury; but it is certainly to be regretted that in fact those funds are not large enough to afford all who are justly entitled to them the essential comforts of life in their declining years.

The fact that many who do not really need to be aided are known to receive year by year a portion of the funds contributed for the conference claimants, prejudices many against giving any thing at all for that object. If it were known that only the needy were allowed to receive aid, that prejudice would be removed, and the contributions would probably be much

increased. It may seem like an impertinent meddling for any authority of the Church to inquire into the private affairs of a man further than is now done by the quarterly conferences, so as to determine whether or not he is really in need of conference help. But justice to the worthy poor may demand such investigation, even at the risk of seeming impertinence.

The superannuate's condition is not an enviable one. The weight of responsibility which lay upon him in his years of active work has, indeed, been removed; but a burden much more depressing to the spirit has come upon him, and it is not alleviated by the stirring scenes which occupy the time and heart of the working pastor. The young men who are pondering the great question of life, under the impression "woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel," if they could look forward to the other end of the scene, might see reasons for exclaiming, "Woe is unto me if I preach the Gospel!" And yet the writer from all his long experiences and observations seriously believes that the Christian ministry, when we consider the elevating, purifying, ennobling lines of thought which must largely occupy the minister's mind, interest his feelings, and mold his character, is at once the noblest, the humblest, the most fearful, the most inviting employment to which a man can devote his life—provided the divine call directs him to that work.

L. L. K.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A SAD ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH COMMUNE.—After the taking of Paris by the Versailles troops a Communist officer managed to escape from the burning city. Having remained on the barricades to the last, he had no time to change his clothing, and was consequently obliged to wander about the whole day in hat and regimentals, with his sword dangling by his side. Towards evening, however, he fell in with a shepherd, good-natured almost to idiocy, and knowing nothing whatever of politics. The two men entered into conversation, and at the end of half an hour the refugee, incessantly haunted by the fear of seeing the *gens d' arms* make their appearance,

proposed an exchange of costume to the yokel. Naturally dazzled by the splendor of the other's military garb, the countryman jumped at the offer, never dreaming of the danger he incurred in donning his companion's attire. The exchange was carried out. The two men undressed, redressed, and parted. The pseudo-shepherd made for Paris, wearing a blouse, canvas trousers, and a straw hat. The real simon pure, on the other hand, calmly went on minding his sheep, presenting a rather incongruous aspect with the sword hanging by his side and the crook in his hand. What might have naturally been expected to happen actually occurred. A patrol came across the

unlucky shepherd, and asked him for explanations about his costume, and these not being altogether satisfactory, the countrymen was taken into custody, and ultimately led off to Satory to go before a court-martial there.

The unfortunate wretch, who had no one to speak a word for him, either did not know, or was so dazed that he could not remember, his birthplace, and in the end was sentenced to transportation to the Isle des Pins. Amiot, as the man is named, was accordingly sent, and by August, 1879, he had not been pardoned. One of his fellow-convicts lately wrote to say that "Amiot was awaiting the termination of a punishment which he did not understand, and expiating a crime which he had no thought of committing." Unluckily he was condemned for life.

THE FIRST BENJAMIN DISRAELL.—In the Spanish and Portuguese cemetery in the Mile-end road, London, the tomb of Benjamin Disraeli, the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield, and the founder of the family in England, has recently been repaired by having the inscription recut and repainted. The words are: "Sacred to the memory of Benjamin Disraeli. Born 2d September, 1750; died 28th November, 1816. He was an affectionate husband, father, and friend." Benjamin Disraeli made a handsome fortune in business, and his last years were passed in luxury and elegant ease.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF MODERN MARTYRDOM.—According to the Paris *Figaro*, this is said to have occurred in the Russian Church, and its story runs as follows: In 1853 the steward of a Russian land-owner was murdered in the district of Kieff. A priest named Kobytowicz was accused of the deed, and in spite of his protests of innocence, he was transported to Siberia, where he was forgotten. The other day an old peasant admitted on his death-bed that he was the murderer; that he had confessed the crime to the priest in question, and obtained his absolution. The priest, however, having received the confession under the usual seal of secrecy, could not divulge it, and preferred to undergo the terrible punishment in the mines of Siberia to departing from his duty. The authorities at once sought for the priest among the prisoners, but he had died a few months before the disclosure.

PRINCE ORLOFF.—This retiring Russian ambassador to France, has of late years, led a very secluded life in Paris. An irreparable loss he had suffered had closed his drawing-rooms, and thenceforth he ardently devoted himself to works of charity. He visited the garrets of the poor, took a special interest in sick workmen, and the infirm and poor of the laboring quarters will sorely miss him. The loss of his eye, too, made reading and writing very arduous. And he sought in active life and in the open air a compensation for this privation. His drawing-rooms were seldom opened. His kindness was shown in his postponement of his recent departure for St. Petersburg till his valet had recovered from his rheumatism sufficiently to accompany him. This valet is the young soldier who, when the prince was so terribly wounded in the siege of Silistria, cared for him with exceeding gentleness and solicitude. When the prince got well he took the soldier into his service and has never parted from him since.

WHAT CALENDAR SHALL BE USED IN POLAND?—The Russians are seeking to force again upon the Poles the old style of the calendar as used by themselves, and in some of the other Slavonic and Greek countries, where alone it still prevails in Europe. The old calendar dates from the time of Julius Caesar, and is twenty days behind the new. So that by the time Epiphany is celebrated in the Churches of other countries, the Russians have only reached Christmas. In the Polish schools there are, of course, holidays in the Christmas season, but last Christmas the Russians would not permit the holidays until they came along according to the old calendar.

SCENE IN A CHURCH-YARD.—A small village near Sittingbourne, England, has been very much disturbed by the refusal of the vicar to perform the burial service of a parishioner, because the mourners had been an hour late in arriving at the church-yard. The delay had been unavoidable, and when the friends arrived they found the gates closed, and the vicar, very much disturbed in mind, refused to perform the ceremony until the next day. The mourners were kept standing an hour in the pouring rain before they were allowed to enter the yard and place the coffin in the

grave, where it lay with the grave open until the next afternoon, when the service was performed.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.—By the time the magazine reaches our readers the representations of the passion play will have attracted thousands of strangers from all parts of the European continent and possibly from this continent too. The little Upper Bavarian village of Ober-Ammergau will have put on a festive appearance and the dormant-like quiet in which it has lain for ten years been exchanged for the bustling activity of an overthronged Summer resort. For twelve consecutive Sundays five hundred of these villagers will enact the passion and death of Christ, as has been the custom in Ammergau for the last two hundred and fifty years, in grateful remembrance of God's care over this village at a time of great pestilential disturbance in the Bavarian highlands. There will be unusual attractions this year, and people will flock to these representations because it is a sight. There will be more positively manifest a worldly attempt for pecuniary success, and the consecrated and devout spirit of the old-time players will have no place in the worldly minded character which the whole enterprise has at last put on. Mysteries and miracle plays have no place in the Church of the nineteenth century. Even the devout Alpine peasants are touched by the materialistic tendencies of our age, and religious instruction must be consigned to the limits of the Church which teaches not only holy dying but also holy living.

RELIGION IN BRUGES.—The ancient city of Bruges in Flanders, which Longfellow has celebrated in verse, and which in its prosperity reached a population of two hundred thousand, does not now possess one-fourth that number of souls. The old spirit is gone, and none of the efforts hitherto made to restore the prosperity of the town have come to any important result. A liberal journal published in Flanders attributes the lethargy of the inhabitants to the effects of the numerous convents and richly endowed benevolent institutions, which in supplying the wants of a large number of the inhabitants without exertion on their part, have helped to take away the energy and spirit essential to commercial

success. It is said also that in no other great city of Belgium is education so much neglected as in Bruges, and this notwithstanding the wealth possessed by the religious establishments in the place.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN BURMAH.—When the world is congratulating itself after the world's manner, upon the wonderful diffusion of intelligence and the great growth of liberality, the news of a horror like the human sacrifice in Burmah comes as a useful reminder that there still is a vast deal of bestial superstition and cruelty, and not always in the most remote corners of the earth. Seven hundred men, women, and children have been buried alive in that country that the evil spirits may be appeased and the king restored to health. The age of railroads and telegraphs with all its grotesque contrasts, never presented one stronger than the transmission of the news of this barbaric massacre to this country by the Atlantic cable, the most wonderful of the appliances of civilization.

DUTCH COMPLIMENTS.—You never meet a peasant or a village girl upon the road without having a cheerful "good day" from them, and if there were many of you, they would not only say "*Gooden dag*," in the singular, but they would give you a complex and plural greeting; "*Dag drie*," if you were three; "*Dag vier*," if you were four; that is to say, "Good day to the three of you," and "Good day to the four of you." And "*Dag samen*," which means "Good day together," if there were but two. Sometimes a roguish boy (there are such in every country) will salute a traveler who is going along with an ass or a dog, with his "*Dag samen*," but we must not grudge people their harmless joke, and this one is too inoffensive to vex any body.

HOW THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR FARES NOW-A-DAYS.—The critical state of public affairs must interfere severely with the personal comfort of the emperor of Russia. While the cook is preparing his dinner two secret police agents stand in the kitchen and supervise the roasting, frying, broiling, boiling, and baking. Then, when at last a dish is ready, two official tasters test it, to make sure there is no poison in it. His majesty can receive no company in his private apartments. Who would be an emperor?

ART.

THE CONDITION OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE WESTERN STATES.

IN the styles of architecture employed in the public buildings in the West there is as yet no evidence of a tendency towards a national style, of which are evidences in private architectural works every-where. To prevent any misunderstanding as to what is meant by national style, I will explain that it is the tendency of a number of architects, whether working in concert or not, to follow nearly uniform principles in construction and design, uncontrolled by the traditions of previously existing styles. I say uncontrolled, though I think they may be influenced, a word of less comprehensive import. Of such is the present tendency in domestic and commercial architecture to employ straight lintels placed flush with the walls, and in connection with horizontal band courses; also, continuous sills and visible band courses in piers, cornices for wall protection only, and not for shadow effects; and, generally, ornamentation of the surface of walls and *within* the surface plane. The design of such buildings, though it has little in common with any historical style, has been largely influenced by the study of mediæval Gothic architecture and the works of Viollet-le-Duc, which have had such extensive circulation in this country.

The architecture of our public buildings has simply been ringing the changes on the styles of Greece and Rome, but more especially those of Rome. The architects call it *Renaissance*, but it has little in common with the historical Renaissance of Italy or France. It has more in common with the so called "Italian" of England, which has been in favor from the days of Inigo Jones and Wren, to the Gothic revival of our own time. It received its greatest impetus from the erection of St. Paul's, and its latest from the London club-houses. England never had a Renaissance of classic architecture. She simply copied the works done in that name by the architects of Italy and France. The nearest approach to it was the picturesque combinations of classic details with Gothic forms of the time of James I and Elizabeth, now called Jacobean,

and revived to cater to fashionable tastes. But even that style, if style it may be called, was inspired by the picturesque and artistic late Flamboyant and early Renaissance of Normandy and Flanders.

Considering the average intelligence of the brains through which Greek and Roman details have been sifted in order to evolve the designs of our public buildings in the West, we might conclude that the merits and demerits of these buildings, as works of architecture, were not worth serious discussion. So far as their value as actual monuments is concerned, this is so. But their size and prominence, combined with that attribute to which the public attach so much importance, their cost, and the fact that many will stand for ages in their respective localities without rivals in those qualifications for popular renown, have given them such a position in the public eye that, in spite of all that may be said, they will always stand as public educators of the most powerful sort. The earliest were, like the old buildings of the Eastern States, erected after the last war with England, attempts to revive the temple architecture of Greece. The latest are dubbed Neo-Grec, and are in truth copied out of French books containing illustrations of the modern French work of the Second Empire, which followed the innovations of Labrouste. With both, and with all the intermediate styles, the dome has been introduced almost without exception. Ten years ago mansard roofs came to be considered as essential to all public as well as private buildings, but they have now fallen into disfavor. The State-house at Springfield, Illinois, representing an expenditure of three and a half millions, and still unfinished, has mansard roofs on the two wings only, for want of any other place to put them. For the main cornice is on one level, and the central building is covered by a dome; consequently, the mansards are built up above the actual top of the building. . . . Thus far no State or county building in the Western States has been erected in any other style than this, which may be called the American Renaissance. But there is a class of public buildings,

of which a large number have been erected of late years, in which a greater originality of style and more perfect adaptability to their purpose has been displayed. These are what may be generally termed "public institutions," erected for various charitable purposes. The improvements lately made in the management of public institutions, such as hospitals and insane asylums, the introduction of machinery for performing much labor required in their care and maintenance, and improved systems of heating, ventilating, lighting, and cooking, have all contributed toward giving a utilitarian character to such establishments. And this has not failed to have a direct influence upon their architecture. The disposition of the buildings with reference to giving them the best positions for obtaining light and air, and their arrangement to meet the several conveniences of communication, have brought them into picturesque groupings. The necessity for having tall chimneys and ventilating shafts has led to the treatment of such necessary accessories in an artistic manner, giving them prominence rather than attempting to hide them. Clocks are desirable on such buildings, and hence clock-towers are introduced, while other towers are required for water-tanks. For such requirements the old conventional forms of classic architecture are inappropriate; hence architects have exercised more freedom in architectural treatment.

But still another influence has been felt in the erection of such structures, which is found in the materials of the construction employed. When it is proposed to erect a state-house or a city-hall the design is first made, and the material is procured to carry out the design. . . . But in the erection of hospitals and asylums the appropriations are generally small at first, and the necessity for economy compels the adoption of a stone which is near at hand. The design must be adapted to such stone, hence the buildings are likely to have a character in consonance with the qualities and possibilities of the stone employed. The history of architecture, through all time, shows that the best architectural forms have always been developed from a necessity to work in a given material. Still there is another reason why the public institutions of the West are more elastic in design than all others. It is found in the fact that so many

are built of brick. The use of bricks has always given architects great freedom in design. The use of material which is generally considered to have no beauty in itself has always led designers to seek beauty in the disposition of masses rather than details.

Taking all these circumstances together, we find good reason for the fact that a decided improvement has taken place of late years in the design of public buildings of this class.

—P. B. Wright, in the *American Art Review*.

WIENIAWSKI.

EARLY in April the cable announced the death, at Moscow, of the celebrated violinist Henri Wieniawski. He was born at Lublin, in Poland, June 10, 1835. He was admitted to the conservatory at Paris when he was only ten years old, and is said to have borne off the first prize on a toy violin. The Emperor Nicholas remarked his talent, and paid for his musical education, and in 1848 summoned him, with his brother Joseph, the pianist, to Russia, where they remained three years. Next, an extensive tour was undertaken through the Baltic provinces, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. In 1860 he was appointed solo violinist to the Emperor Alexander II of Russia, and professor in his conservatory at St. Petersburg. During a twelve years' residence in the Russian capital his concerts were the sensation of each succeeding season. In 1872 he came to this country, where he remained a year and a half, every-where meeting enthusiastic receptions. He returned to Europe in 1874, and became the successor of Vieuxtemps as professor of the violin in the conservatory at Brussels, which position he resigned about two years ago. Report has it that since that time he has been the victim of most adverse fortune, and for some time before his death he had been in a hospital at Moscow, almost poverty-stricken, and too ill to retrieve his fallen fortunes. As a violinist he must ever occupy a front place.

VANDALISM.

THE Vandals made for themselves an unenviable immortality by their sacking of the Eternal City, and thus putting themselves in the dictionary as a synonym of every thing barbarous and destructive. Yet sober history must record the fact that their destruction of

art monuments was immensely surpassed by professedly Christian nations who might be supposed to have an appreciation of their value. Be this as it may, this vandal spirit seems almost inherent in the human mind. It may not manifest itself in the destruction of objects of value for the sake of obliterating them from notice, as has been true of religious fanaticism; but the average relic-hunter has, deep down in his nature, this spirit of destructive selfishness that leads him to mar and deface an object of beauty or of historic value for the sake of enriching his own little private cabinet, or of gratifying a morbid ambition to excel his neighbor in the uniqueness of his collection of *bric-a-brac*, even at the sacrifice of the public convenience. This age of restorations of many of the grand and interesting churches of mediæval times has given opportunity for the manifestation of this spirit. The insane desire to renovate these churches has been the cause of the complete blotting out of some of the finest artistic features of the building. It was on one of these occasions that Mr. J. C. Robinson, appointed in 1860 to gather works of art for the South Kensington Museum, obtained one of its chief treasures, the "Cantoria," or marble singing-gallery, from the Church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence. He has recently told the sad story of the complete rifling of this most interesting church of the fourteenth century, simply to gratify a most foolish whim of one of the monks who had become suddenly rich, and knew not how better to spend his money than in the obliteration of the beautiful and the production of the hideous. Every one knows how many buildings of Rome derived their materials from the walls of the Coliseum; and that this most interesting historical monument was in danger of annihilation till the popes braced up the walls with masonry, and put the sacred seal of the cross on the ruin. Recently, too, comes the news that the khedive of Egypt is removing stones from the great pyramid to build a hideous mosque in Cairo, which will partially hide and overshadow the beautiful mosque of Sultan Hassan. It is well-known that the outer casing of the great pyramid has long been removed, and this process is now going on in case of the pyramids at Dashoor. To what extent this may be permitted to go on is not known, but

it seems, in this century of enlightenment, a case of more execrable vandalism than the Vandals themselves were ever guilty of. It does seem a thousand pities that, at the time when we have come to some perfectly reliable and pretty generally accepted methods of the interpretation of the remains of that mysterious Egyptian people, some of the most significant and instructive monuments should be disappearing forever—and this, too, through the sheer rapacity of a selfish hoer. We can not say that this is a just ground of protest on the part of Western nations, but greatly would the historian, the archaeologist, and the art critic rejoice if the nations who have created an Egyptology should interfere to save these most important monuments from wanton defacement.

SALE AT THE PALACE OF SAN DONATO.

THE art world, and the army of collectors and *connoisseurs*, were profoundly moved by the announcement of the intended sale of the famous collection of art treasures belonging to Prince Demidoff at Florence. Tourists remember with lively interest their visit to the Palace of San Donato. It was truly a surprise to the world that the happy owner of these rare works was willing to part with them through the vulgar means of a sale. At first it was surmised that the secret reason of this remarkable conduct was financial embarrassment; but it is now announced that the ambitious prince proposes to play the rôle of a builder on a scale of magnificence very unusual to modern Italians. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the probable success of his experiment, the sale of his enormous collection is the art event of this decade. Studied from one point of view it is a pity that a collection so truly educating as was this should be scattered; but we become reconciled to this by the thought that all Europe will be enriched by some objects of solid worth. Like the scattering of the Huguenot artisans at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, so may this impoverishment of Italy be the invigoration of many other portions of Europe. Though the collection contains many most choice examples of Dutch and French painting of the eighteenth century, its strongest points are in sculpture, in furniture, and in exquisite Italian embroidery. The goldsmith's

art is most richly represented, also the porcelains of all countries of Europe figure very prominently. The sales have already realized an enormous sum, and professional collectors from almost every part of the world are competing sharply for the *chef-d'œuvres*. It is difficult to understand how Prince Demidoff can bring together another collection equally

valuable and unique with the one which he is now selling; but he may be acting on the well-known principle of the German philosopher, who, if he held all knowledge in his left hand, and in his right the power to gain, would open his left hand and let it fly, that he might experience the keen pleasure of capturing it again.

NATURE.

ABOUT MILK.—The miniature ocean of milk in consumption during every four and twenty hours in the United States alone has approached, if not exceeded, two hundred millions of gallons. Upon some few conditions of the nature of milk, or, rather, upon the absence of popular appreciation of them, have grown up several prejudices on the matter of this food and its value and method of use, which it is often thought impossible to combat. It is true that science is still but on the threshold of the subtle changes characteristic of all compounds which originate by the action of vitality. But if it were practicable to enforce a general apprehension of a few comparatively simple facts there is no doubt that both the public and trade would benefit by the disappearance of a tribe of erroneous fears, annoyances, and malpractices which are reciprocally inflicted on both parties.

Foremost among these little known facts stands the exceedingly sensitive nature of the material itself, a clear conception of which alone would wipe out many charges against unoffending causes. Nature never designed milk for exposure to the air or variations from its own normal temperature; its primary purpose being gently to supplement that source of the earliest sustentation which commences from the fountain of life itself. It is scarcely necessary to point out that milk is but a transition-compound, evolved directly with the blood, and passed without delay, exposure, or appreciable change of temperature from the body of the parent to that of the offspring, there to meet with immediate assimilation by which the conversion into blood is completed. If practical evidence of this were needed, the analytical chemist could prove the

very inconsiderable difference both in mechanical and chemical structure which subsists between the two.

Similar, also, is their behavior when cooled and exposed to the air, save only that the changes occurring in blood are more rapid. Have we, then, much reason in our surprise or complaint when this exquisitely delicate compound occasionally resents the outrageous changes from heat to cold and back again—the hours of ruthless jolting and contact with air of every degree of impurity, which we expect it to sustain with unruffled sweetness of temper? Looking more closely at the innate peculiarities of milk, in consequence of which a large amount of grumbling is almost invariably lavished on the wrong head, we find the most pregnant cause of this in what we shall its effluvia.

Every substance is capable in a greater or less degree of both diffusing and absorbing effluvia or vaporous compounds. These generally become known to us by the sense of smell. Probably few persons outside the scientific world would be prepared to hear that it would be next to impossible to devise a compound liquid more susceptible to effluvial influences than fresh milk! Imbued at its outset with a slight and agreeable effluvium of its own, it possesses every condition of structure favorable to the reception and retention of every volatile matter approaching it. Most persons of even slight perceptive qualities are aware of the affinity of all oily matters for odors, and yet how do these same persons care for the milk after it has been received by them in a comparatively pure condition? It is poured into a pan without cover, and placed in the pantry or ice-chest,

Its companions are a joint of cold meat in its gravy—possibly a bowl of scrap bread—a few pieces bearing *fungoid growth*, some eggs not all fresh, a slice of cheese, a little cabbage, and so on, even to a closed window? Now, what occurs? Doubtless the temperature of the milk is, when received, different from the air surrounding the pan. Immediately the surface next the air becomes warmed or cooled, as the case may be, and by giving place to other portions, sets up a series of gentle currents, by means of which every part of the fluid is successively brought into contact with the air. Now it is scarcely the fault of the milk if at the end of ten hours it has failed to take in at least a trace of every shade of effluvium which has circulated near it. And yet, next morning at breakfast, there will not be found wanting one who will exclaim, "What can those people feed their cows on?" In view of these facts certain conclusions are inevitable, but one only is here specified: A sancer of milk set in a sick-room acts somewhat as a disinfectant by absorbing the germs of disease, therefore, a goblet of milk intended for the patient should be *closely covered*.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ON VEGETATION.—The great physical fact upon which vegetable life, and, therefore, all other life, depends is the breaking up of the carbonic acid of the air by the green coloring matter of foliage—chlorophyl, or leaf-green—under the influence of light. How the thing is done is not known; what is known is that it is accomplished by light, and that chlorophyl is the means or instrument by which light is able to effect the disassociation of the carbon and oxygen which is the indispensable precursor to the building up by the plant of the various components of its tissues. The question which vegetable physiologists have been asking themselves since the beginning of this century is this:—Are these effects producible by light from any source if of adequate intensity, or, as Sachs inquired in 1865, are they to be attributed to some quality inherent in solar light alone, and which can not be artificially imitated?

Recent elaborate experiments in Europe now seem to furnish a satisfactory answer, although the difficulty of turning the advantage of extra growth due to electric light to general account still remains to be surmounted. Dr. Siemens,

in his paper before the Royal Society, gives an account of his experiments. He placed the regulator in a lamp with a metallic reflector in the open air, about two metres above the glass of a sunk melon house. A considerable number of pots were provided, sown and planted with quick-growing seeds and plants, such as mustard, carrots, beans, cucumbers, and melons. The plants could then be brought at suitable intervals under the influence of daylight and electric light, without moving them, both falling upon them approximately at the same angle. The pots were divided into four groups. One pot of each was kept entirely in the dark, one exposed to the influence of electric light alone, one to the influence of daylight alone, and one successively to both day and electric light. The electric light was supplied for six hours each evening. In all cases the differences of effect were unmistakable. The plants kept in the dark were pale yellow, thin in the stalk and soon died. Those exposed to electric light only showed a light-green leaf, and had sufficient vigor to survive. Those exposed to daylight only were of a darker green and greater vigor. Those exposed to both sources of light showed a decided superiority of vigor over all the others, and the green of the leaf was of a dark rich hue.

It must be remembered that in this contest of electric against solar light, the time of exposure was in favor of the latter in the proportion of nearly two to one, but all allowances made, daylight appeared to be about twice as effective as electric light. But the point gained is the proof that the electric light was clearly sufficiently powerful to form chlorophyl, and its derivatives in the plants. Among the many conclusions resulting from this and other experiments, these may be mentioned: An electric light, equal to one thousand four hundred candles, placed at a distance of two metres from growing plants, appears to be equal in effect to average daylight.

Plants do not appear to require a period of rest during the twenty-four hours of the day, but make increased and vigorous progress if subjected during day-time to sunlight and during the night to electric light.

CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE ACQUIREMENT OF INSTINCT.—Mr. Darwin has recently observed

that most naturalists appear to believe that every instinct was at first consciously performed, which seems to him an erroneous conclusion in many cases, though true in others. Birds, when variously excited, assume strange attitudes and ruffle their feathers; and if the erection of the feathers in some particular manner were advantageous to a male while courting a female, there does not seem to be any improbability in the offspring which inherited this action being favored, and it is certain that odd tricks and new gestures performed unconsciously are often inherited by man. Taking a different case, that of young ground birds, which squat and hide themselves when in danger immediately after emerging from the egg; and here it seems hardly possible that the habit could have been consciously acquired just after birth without any experience. But if those young birds which remained motionless when frightened were oftener preserved from beasts of prey than those which tried to escape, the habit of squatting might have been acquired without any consciousness on the part of the young birds. This reasoning applies with special force to some young wading and water birds, the old of which do not conceal themselves when in danger. Again, a hen partridge, when there is danger, flies a short distance from her young ones and leaves them closely squatted, she then flutters along the ground as if crippled, in the wonderful manner which is familiar to almost any one; but differently from a really wounded bird she makes herself conspicuous. Now it is more than doubtful whether any bird ever existed with sufficient intellect to think that if she imitated the action of an injured bird she could draw away a dog or other enemy, from her young; for this presupposes that she had observed such actions in an injured comrade, and knew that they would delude an enemy to pursuit. Many naturalists now admit that, for instance, the hinge of a shell has been formed by the preservation and inheritance of successive useful variations, the individuals with a somewhat better constructed shell being preserved in greater numbers than those with less well constructed ones; and why should not beneficial variations in the inherited actions of a partridge be preserved in like manner, without any thought or conscious intention on her part any more than on the

part of the mollusk, the hinge of whose shell has been modified and improved independently of consciousness?

AN OWL AT SEA.—The White Star steamship *Celtic* brought to New York, not long ago, a strange passenger who had boarded that vessel in mid-ocean. A large white owl dropped on one of the forward spars in an exhausted condition one evening when the vessel was about eight hundred miles off the coast of Newfoundland. When brought to the deck the owl was found to be nearly dead from cold and hunger, and almost too weak to eat. It had become greatly emaciated, and trembled violently in endeavoring to swallow the first morsel of meat which was placed in its beak. The owl slowly recovered, finally becoming perfectly well. It is a land bird, and is supposed to have been blown off the coast of Newfoundland by the westerly gales which had for some days previous prevailed there. Finding itself once out at sea, it had probably ceased making efforts to reach the land, and had drifted before the gale, its only effort being to keep above water. The bird must have possessed remarkable powers of endurance to have kept up so long. This *Celtic's* owl, which is now quite tame, measures nearly five feet from wing to wing.

AGE OF THE EARTH.—In one of his late lectures, Professor Proctor showed the immensity, past and future, as revealed by astronomy. From the different geological features of the earth's surface it has been calculated that one hundred million years have been consumed in the formation of its crust. Such is the estimate formed by Crowe and accepted by Sir Charles Lyell. Taking up the investigations of physicists on this subject, and from experiments made by Bischoff, it is found that the time during which the earth was cooling from a temperature of two thousand degrees to two hundred degrees, some three hundred and fifty million years must have elapsed. And then prior to this again there was a long period of time when the earth was in a nebulous condition; so that a fair estimate of the world's age may be placed at five hundred million years. This is considered an erring rather to the side of deficiency than to that of excess. Notwithstanding this enormous lapse of time, Professor Proctor spoke of the

earth as being one of the most short-lived of the planets. Comparing it with Jupiter, on the principle that the larger a body is so its period of cooling will be prolonged, it is calculated that it will be three billion five hundred million years before the larger planet reaches the stage at which our earth is. Ten times as long a time must pass before the sun reaches a similar condition. As for the moon it is but four hundred and twenty million years since she was in this relative period of her existence. The earth will, in one billion years reach the same stage of planetary decrepitude as is at present manifested by the moon.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF MICROSCOPIC SCIENCE.—“What is the good of a knowledge of microscopic creatures? What is the good of prying into the anatomy of insects? It is all very well as an amusement, but serious persons can not be expected to assent to the devotion of endowments or state funds to such trivial purposes. Chemistry, geology, electricity have their solid commercial value; but biology is an amusement for children and old gentlemen.” Such is the opinion of the typical “practical man,” ignorant and short-

sighted as the genus invariably proves itself. Already the practical man may be told in reply, that surgery is entirely reformed by our knowledge of the minuter fungi, that by avoiding the access of bacteria to wounds we avoid a large destruction of human life; already we see our way to avoiding some deadly diseases caused by these same bacteria, now that the microscope has shown them to be the active cause of such diseases. Already silk is cheaper in consequence of our knowledge of the bacteria of the silk-worm disease; already better beer is brewed and better yeast supplied to the baker in consequence of Pasteur’s discovery of the bacterian disease of the yeast-plant; already vinegar-making, cheese-making, butter-making, wine-making, and other such manufacturing trades are on the way to benefit by like knowledge. Potato-disease and coffee-disease have been traced to their causes, and means suggested by biologists for dealing with the parasitic plants causing such diseases. Insect pests which have depopulated whole provinces, such pests as the phylloxera and the Colorado beetle, are about to receive a check at the hands of the same class of scientific students.

RELIGIOUS.

RITUALISM NOT INDORSED BY THE EPISCOPALIANS.—At least so goes the evidence. As is well known, St. Clement’s Church, in Philadelphia, has been for some time within the pale of ritualism. The bishop’s attention was finally called to the case, and, accordingly, in due authority from Canon 22, General Convention of 1874, ordered Rector Prescott to abstain hereafter from all genuflections, prostrations, or bowings to or before the Lord’s table by the clergy and choristers, the use of candles and lights in the chancel beyond what are needed for the purpose of giving light, the wearing of various kinds of vestments and ornaments by the clergy, other than the usual recognized vestments which have been worn by the clergy from the beginning, the elevation of the bread and wine during or after the consecration, so as to expose them to the view of the people as objects toward which adoration is to be made. He

is also forbidden the employment of acolytes, or servers, in the celebration of the holy communion, the celebration of the holy communion at times and under circumstances when the members of the congregation are neither invited nor expected to partake, and prayers, sentences, hymns, and rites, in the celebration of the holy communion, which are not authorized by the book of common prayer. It is expected that this admonition will be disregarded, but by such disregard the case will be forced to trial in the civil courts, and the Protestant Episcopal Church more clearly come into the light as an evangelical body.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF THE INNOVATIONS IN SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN WORSHIP.—Prof. John Stewart Blackie thinks the style of worship adopted recently in the Established High-church of Scotland, if generally followed,

would prevent "lapses" from Presbyterianism. "The chanting of the prose psalms," he says, "the partial use of the English hymns with the accompanying English melodies, and an anthem to wind up—these, along with the Gothic style of the architecture, and the windows pictured with sacred legends, are the only devices used to give a graceful episcopal air to the service of the High-church. If such a reasonable order of worship were adopted in all our Presbyterian Churches, there would no longer be the slightest excuse for any Presbyterian deserting the Church of his fathers merely to gratify his aesthetic sensibilities."

WHAT SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS PRAY FOR.—Among the prayers which Christian South Sea Islanders are accustomed to use are these: On entering church: "O Lord, do thou chain up the devil outside; and then do thou enter with me." For the missionary: "Let his hair grow perfectly white here; his back be curved with age, and, leaning for support upon his staff, may he mount the pulpit." Against sin: "Lord, we have long been slaves to sin. Do thou blind its eyes so that it may not be able to find us. Let thy Word be as a club, to break its arms and its legs, so that it may be powerless. Break thou its neck, that it may die!"

MISTAKES OF YOUNG PREACHERS.—The *Golden Rule* of Boston, in an article on this subject, points out some of their most striking ones. The first is "unnecessary loudness," of which it says, that "mere loudness adds no power to the thoughts or the words uttered." Another is, "too much of an effort to be earnest." And they are reminded that "self-possession and calmness strike deeper." A third is "too much conscious rhetoric." Sermons written with reference to their rhetoric "may instruct, but will not move." All of which is advice worth heeding.

WHAT OUR CHURCH HAS DONE FOR THE SOUTH.—In a recent article on this topic it is pertinently pointed out that "before the war there were 24,000 colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Now there are 198,000, an increase of 174,000 since that event, most of whom have been converted at its altars, and under its ministry. Then these 24,000 were mostly in bonds, without ecclesi-

astical autonomy or in the enjoyment of the rights belonging to citizens or Christians, without schools or Bible. Now they have churches, conferences, pastors, and presiding elders of their own choice, representation in the General Conference, equal rights with their brethren, schools, books, and the Bible in their homes by scores of thousands.

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN ENGLISH RITUALISM DEAD.—In the death of Canon Oakeley the Church has lost the veritable founder of modern ritualism. It is said that he was the very first London preacher who introduced that form of external worship which savors so greatly of Romanism. His innovations, however, were far within the bounds of what is now practiced and tolerated in the Church of England. But they produced a series of painful struggles at the time. He was one of the earliest of the Tractarians, and joined the Church of Rome about the same time with Dr. Newman. Cardinal Wiseman very speedily admitted him into Roman orders, and placed him in charge of an important church at Islington. Canon Oakeley was the youngest son of Sir Charles Oakley, who at one time was governor of Madras.

ROMANISM AMONG THE ARABS.—East of the river Jordan there is an Arab tribe which has embraced the Catholic faith, and is ministered unto by a native Italian priest. These Arabs wander about from place to place with their flocks of sheep, and when their tent is pitched in any place a temporary building to serve as a church is put up. Other Arab tribes, it is said, are disposed to follow this example. Evidently Mohammedanism is looking for a more stable support. O that evangelical Christianity were willing to give its giant support, and not suffer poor Arabs to lean on that feeble reed called Roman Catholic Christianity!

CONGREGATIONALISM TO UNITE UPON A CREED AT LAST.—The New York and Brooklyn Congregational Association has invited the National Council to meet in New York next Fall. It has met in the West, and it has met in New England, but it has never met in the Middle States. The meeting this year is likely to prove important. The question of the attempt to formulate a new creed will be

the leading one, and heaven knows there is need of it in American Congregationalism.

A ROYAL AFRICAN CONVERT WHO KEPT THE FAITH.—It was King Ockiya of Brass, Africa, just dead, who was induced three years ago to give up his idols to Bishop Crowther to be forwarded to England. From that time the king was a regular attendant at church, but not until lately had he promised to give up his numerous wives and to be baptized. During his late illness the idol priests begged him to recant, but he refused to do so, and died in the faith.

THE TOTAL VALUE OF CHURCH PROPERTY.—In the country it is placed at \$500,000,000. Should it continue to increase in the same proportion as in the past, it is estimated that its value in 1900 will reach the sum of \$3,000,000,000, or one-third more than the national debt. The ecclesiastical property in New York exempt from taxation is valued at \$110,000,000. Now the question is, Shall church property go untaxed? The law-makers say Yes, but what do the people say?

THE END OF THE WORLD NOT YET.—At least so it was decided at an Adventists' conference, held at Worcester, Mass., recently. After discussing at length certain prophecies of Daniel, it was decided that they indicate the end of the world to fall no sooner than February, 1884. What a good thing it is to have such an important event so accurately forecast! If only the Adventists had not undertaken this thing before, and disappointed us at last!

HOW ROMANISTS INDORSE THE BIBLE.—They recently obtained in India possession of a church which the "Syrian" Christians had used. The very next thing they did was to search the houses in the village for Bibles and other books which the people had bought from a Church Missionary Society cooperator, and made a great bonfire of them opposite the church.

BEHOLD HOW PLEASANT IT IS FOR BRETHREN TO DWELL IN UNITY.—The various sects in the village of North Creek, Warren County, N. Y., apparently live in peace and good will toward each other after a manner somewhat remarkable. The Roman Catholic, Methodist, and Free-will Baptist congregations recently

held a union festival to raise money to be applied to the building of an Episcopal church at Raquette Lake, in the Adirondacks.

WHAT MANNER OF MEN MAKE UP THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—Of two hundred and fifty-two delegates elected to the present General Conference, eighty are presiding elders, nineteen are editors, and three are non-itinerants, and the others are pastors, teachers, etc. Of course the laymen come from the counting-houses, the factories, and the busy offices of the professional judicial seats and legislative halls of the nation.

OLD CATHOLICISM AT A STANDSTILL.—The German correspondent of the *Churchman* writes that "the past year has brought little but misfortune to our friends, the German Old Catholics, and we do not wonder that the organ of the reform movement, in writing a review for the new year, stamps on the past the character of depression, perplexity, insecurity, and anxiety for the future! No increase in numbers or influence can be reported, and the utmost we can say is that there has been no remarkable retrogression, while the passing of time has lamentably thinned the ranks of the leaders."

PROTESTANT ENGLAND ALARMED AT ROMISH AGGRESSION.—The British Protestant Alliance has issued a circular calling attention to the position attained by the Church of Rome in the United Kingdom. It states that "last year there were 34 Catholic peers, 26 holding seats in the House of Lords; 51 Catholic members of the House of Commons, and five Catholic members of the Queen's privy council; and there are in Great Britain 18 archbishops or bishops, 2,140 priests, and 1,348 Catholic places of worship. The circular intimates that the Church of England is threatened by the spread of Romanism."

CHARITY.—The late M. Creminous more than obeyed the Hebrew law, that a man should give one-tenth of what he has to the poor. He divided his income in halves, keeping one himself and giving the other to the needy. "I can easily live on 25,000 francs a year," he would say with a smile, "so it is surely my duty to give the remaining 25,000 to the poor." One day he received begging

letters, asking in all for a sum rather over 800,000 francs. What a fortune he could have given away!

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.—Among the eminent Scotch divines who will attend the Presbyterian Council, in Philadelphia this year is the Rev. Alexander F. Mitchell, D. D., professor of Ecclesiastical History in St. Andrew's University. While in America he will deliver a course of six lectures on the "Westminster Assembly and the Westminster Standards," upon the history of which he is considered the best living authority.

—Statistics of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the past year show that twenty-six ministers of other denominations were received into this Church, eight of whom were from the Congregational body, five from the Methodist, four from the Baptist, and three from the Presbyterian.

—*The Jewish Messenger*, referring to the coming conference at Madrid for the adoption of measures to protect Jews, speaks gratefully of the influence of the United States in behalf of oppressed Jews, and says the United States representative in Morocco is the best

and most powerful friend the Jews of that country have.

—It is stated in Jewish journals that the governor of Morocco has ordered the destruction of all the Jewish houses facing the mosques, and that some Jews who protested against this measure were bastinadoed.

—A society under the title of *Société des Études Juives* has been formed in Paris by prominent Jews, for the encouragement of works relating to the history and literature of Judaism. The society will issue a periodical review.

—A census of the Society of Friends shows that it has about 88,000 members, of whom 66,850 are in the United States and Canada, 14,725 in England, 3,948 in Scotland, and 3,500 in other countries.

—It was expected that the revised New Testament would be published in May or June of this year, but it is now announced that it will not appear before the close of the year.

—An appeal is made to English Churchmen for funds to build a cathedral in the new Diocese of Lahore, India. The congregation in Lahore is now worshiping in a Mohammedan temple.

CURIOS AND USEFUL.

HOW DID MONEY FIRST COME IN VOGUE?—How were the men to be brought together who wanted each other's articles? How was the farmer to find a tailor who would give him a coat in exchange for a sheep or a sack of corn? How was he to get furniture from an upholsterer with a calf or a load of hay? The progress of human life would have been brought to a dead-lock. Village life on a petty scale, upon the system of things made to order, would have been the inevitable fate of human beings. Some contrivance was imperiously called for to clear away the difficulty, and thus it happened that money was invented. It made its appearance at the very origin of the human race: savages beheld themselves of furs and skins to make trade, the exchange of goods, possible. They saw that the only way to get over the difficulty was to select some article which every one should be willing to take in exchange for the goods he had

to sell, and then with it to buy those particular things which he required for the supply of his wants. The path for trade was instantly cleared for the whole human race. Money was found forever in the form of that primitive period, skins. Its essence and action were discovered for all time. Furs acted as an interposed commodity, as a go-between, between what a seller parted with and what he obtained in return, and this has been the nature of all money down to this very hour. The skins so employed were instruments for exchanging goods and nothing else; and so are sovereigns and dollars and every form of money. The mighty machinery of division of employments was at once brought within the reach of the human race. Progress in civilization was made possible. The hatter and shoemaker could make hats and shoes for the whole town. The grocer could pile up stores in his shop for all. The manufacturer could weave cloth for

the whole community. They all relied, and their confidence was not deceived, on their goods being bought with money, whatever that money happened to be, and on their being able in return to procure with it whatever they required. And here it was that consent came in for money, and still continues to come in. All the hunters took skins for their money by agreement; no law or force compelled them. The skins came naturally into use as convenient for all. And so it is now. No law forces any shop-keeper to sell his goods for coin. He may prefer barter. He may fix a leg of mutton as the price of one article, a pair of boots as that of another, but he consents to take sovereigns and shillings; and what he does every one else does too. So, also, does the government of the nation. It selects its form of money at its own pleasure, and every laborer and merchant adopts it.

WINTER LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO.—There are few persons aware of the terrible dangers life is heir to in the wilds of Colorado. Here is the story of a young man named Briggs, who left Rico with a companion to go to Aminas City by the Pinkerton trail—a distance of thirty-five miles over the La Plata range to the settlement at the mouth of the Hermosa Creek. His companion turned back during the first day out, leaving Briggs to make the journey alone. When night came on the weary traveler found, to his dismay, that his companion of the morning had taken with him all the matches, and he must pass the night in the snow without fire. He had two small blankets with him, and to lie down with such light covering was certain death. Guided alone by the stars, he moved slowly forward through the long night to find, when morning dawned, that he had lost the trail. Trusting to his knowledge of the country he pushed bravely on, and would have completed his journey in safety had he not during this day's travel broken one of his snow-shoes. With the energy of despair he toiled on until, on the morning of the fifth day after leaving Rico, he found himself fifteen miles from the little settlement of Hermosa. The stream is a shallow, rushing torrent, too swift to be chained by the frosts of Winter. And into its narrow channel, with a high wall of snow and ice on either side, he plunged without hesita-

tion, and pushed eagerly forward toward the settlement. When three miles from Hermosa he found a road had been broken along the bank of the creek, and to this he turned his steps. Taking off his boots and stockings he wrapped his feet in pieces of blanket, over which he pulled his boots, and in that condition, ice clinging to his garments, boots frozen as hard as horn, the thermometer down to zero, he made his way to the house of Mr. Tripp, where he arrived just at nightfall. He had escaped the mountain pass and the perils of that madly rushing river, to fall a victim to the chill winds that pierced him through and through, after he left the water, and when almost in sight of the warm hearth he had struggled so bravely to reach. When his boots were removed, his feet were found to be frozen as hard as blocks of wood. His feet were amputated, but nothing could save him, and he soon died.

THAT WEST POINT CASE.—There has been one institution under government control which has hitherto escaped the *odium politicum* of our day and generation. But we can no longer boast it. West Point, too, has been touched by the tainted finger of corruption and insincerity, and to-day we look reproachfully upon this army school of ours. We have deceived ourselves. We should have known that a school in which religion is comparatively a stranger, and where it is the boast of men that they are not like the Publican, sin must have its stronghold and error its hotbed. We have been ruffled from a sound sleep as it were. Our eyes are scarce open; our senses only half regained; but we perceive already the depth of our disappointment, and of our national disgrace. We have taken the sons of our democratic citizens to educate them for noblest patriotic service, and find that the education we have devised to effect such an end in these young men has rather destroyed the least vestiges of manhood and decency, and has turned them into arrant fools and insolent boobies. The heaven-inspired teachings of our fathers that "all men are born equal," West Point laughs to scorn; and the man who can not fit into the cast of their own conceiving had better never have been born than set his foot upon that ground in the highlands where we raise our military men. The Con-

stitution, to be sure, has made it possible for all men to enjoy liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and white and black men mingle without restraint in the Senate chamber and in the House of our Representatives, but yet West Pointers know no such laws and no such privileges. They have constituted themselves into an aristocracy without kin in the whole nation, and they have ostracized at will, in season and out of season. Professors have been hissed at upon whom fell the displeasure of these distinguished youths of their own ennobling, and aspiring younglings have gladly found themselves at a safe breathing distance from this privileged rocky shore of the American Rhine, whither they have pilgrimaged in the hope of finding the *Ultima Thule* of national honor and distinction. But none ever knew so well the severity of our "Cads'" displeasure as the colored youths whom an insolent republic had dared to force into the precincts of this privileged class. It does not yet appear whether the dastardly outrage committed upon Cadet Whittaker is the devilish work of those aristocratic youth who had felt themselves outraged already too long by his presence in the Academy, but it is pretty well established that insolence, swagger, brazenness, and bluster adorn richly the average West Point cadet; and that he is so thoroughly aware of his own importance that he will never forgive the country for having put that dark-skinned student into class with him and in an equal race. 'Tis a pity then that Avon's bard could not have lived in this our day, and written better what he has told so well, that "as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit," to make his application, not to clothes, but skins. We have doubted long the inferiority of the black man to the white. We are fast drifting into the thought that it is not the white man deserves the highest place. If black men can bear, with such perfect gentleness of spirit and kindness of heart, the offenses of the Caucasian, there lies in him yet that which white men never in full fruition saw.

IS MARS INHABITED?—There is no other planet of the solar system, says *Science for All*, which offers so close an analogy to the earth as Mars. The telescope reveals to us the figures of broad tracts of land and expanse of sea

upon his surface. The duration of his day and night almost coincide with our own. His exterior experiences the alternating changes of the seasons. His nights are illuminated by two satellites, which present all the phenomena of our own moon, and more frequently, owing to their greater velocity. An atmosphere probably surrounds this planet; in fact, the existence of air is indispensable to his other features. Hence the inference that Mars is a habitable globe appears a very obvious and fair conclusion, and it would be inconsistent to imagine that this planet, provided apparently with all the requisite natural facilities to render life a necessary and desirable feature of his surface, is a sphere of desolation, a mass of inert matter, which, though conforming to the laws of gravitation, is otherwise serving no useful end as the abode and sustenance of animate creatures. It is far more in accordance with analogy and rational speculation to conclude that Mars is the center of life and activity, and that his surface is teeming with living beings.

THE BANK PIQUET.—One of the most curious "guards" in London is that which is termed the "bank piquet," and which proceeds to take up its nightly quarters inside the Bank of England every evening at seven o'clock, all the year round, remaining there until seven o'clock the next morning. It is an officer's guard, and consists besides of a drummer, two sergeants, and over thirty men. Each man receives a shilling from the bank authorities immediately on his arrival, the sergeant's share being two shillings. The officer is allowed a dinner, laid for two, with three bottles of wine, and is permitted to invite a friend. The guard or piquet is comfortably housed, each man being "served out" with a watch-coat and a blanket; and sentries are posted during the night at the bullion-vaults and counting-house parlor.

NOT A BAD PROBLEM.—The arithmetic men out West are getting in training for the next election. The Chicago *Times* computes that if Mr. Vanderbilt should constantly re-invest and compound his income from his present vast investment in government bonds, he might, without living to be a very old man, come to have the whole national debt owing to him. This seems like a startling prediction; but

the Buffalo *Express* pushes it a step further; "Suppose that Mr. Vanderbilt, having acquired the whole of our national mortgage, should take it into his head to foreclose! Then, it is to be presumed, he would bid in and own the whole United States." Not a bad solution this. But isn't the problem a little too illusionary, Mr. *Times*? Somebody in that office in charge of the mathematics must be a right down Connecticut Yankee.

JUDGE BLACK NOT FAR FROM THE RIGHT.—This eccentric but noble-minded Maryland jurist, though unpleasantly connected with our national history by reason of his relationship to the Buchanan administration, is nevertheless greatly esteemed the country over for his sterling qualities and remarkable talents. A writer for the *Wheeling Intelligencer* recently visited the judge in his home, and describes him as wearing a sandy-colored wig over his capacious cranium, and having a fashion, when he is talking, of twisting a silver tobacco-box in his hand. The judge likes to converse on religious topics. He is a firm believer in old-time orthodoxy. Drawn into a Biblical discussion, the remark was made to him that the lines that formerly divided people in regard to religious matters were fading out. "Yes," said the judge; "and I notice that the nice distinctions between right and wrong are going with them."

SIXTY YEARS AGO.—Horatio Seymour says that one of his first recollections was the invasion of the village in which his father lived by a bear, which attacked and nearly killed a stalwart citizen, and which was destroyed with some difficulty with an ax in the hands of a brave man. He adds: "All things were rude and new sixty years ago, but men were men in those days. The stern, rough duties of life developed character. I have seen much of men, of social life, of official dignity in these days of our country's greatness, but my mind turns back with reverence and respect for the strong, wise men who laid the foundations of our prosperity."

WHAT ARE MANLY SPORTS FOR COLLEGES?—The cultivation of a love of manly sports is no doubt a good thing for under-graduates; but when the Harvard Athletic Association establishes an amateur prize ring, as it did recently, and puts two young fellows in it to pummel each other until one is carried off in an exhausted condition, it would seem to be time for the faculty to interfere. After all, perhaps boyish sports are better for boys.

A PAIR NOT TWO.—It is quite a mistake to suppose that a pair, in old books, always means two. It usually means a set. Hence a pair of beads (Chaucer); a pair of cards, that is, a pack; a pair of stairs, that is, a flight; whence "two pair back."—*Notes and Queries*.

LITERATURE.

DURING the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the "United Provinces of the Low Country" was a conspicuous member of the family of European nationalities. The present century has reminded it back to its normal relative insignificance; and with its political decadence its history has faded away from its own individuality into the broader field of European affairs. Recently this tendency has been arrested by the genius and labors of our late countryman, Mr. Motley, who, by selecting some of the chief points of the heroic flays of the Provinces and some of the great men of those times as subjects for his artistic pen, has drawn the public attention anew to

the temporary and now departed greatness of the Dutch Republic. Following in the same line we have still another chapter of Dutch history in the form of biography—John De Witt—by James Geddes,* a work which must be associated with Mr. Motley's histories—relating to the Dutch republic, whether to their advantage or otherwise.

Unlike Motley's chief characters, De Witt, whatever else he may have been, was not an ideal hero, and unlike his predecessor in the

* **HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN DE WITT, Grand Pensioner of Holland,** by James Geddes. Vol. I, 1623-54. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Pp. 398.

same field of literature, Mr. Geddes is neither a hero maker nor a hero worshiper. The portrait of De Witt, as here given, is that of a statesman, publicist, and diplomat, and his life and labors were devoted almost exclusively to the internal diplomacy of the Netherlands, with occasional negotiations with England under Cromwell—first among the mutual but futile efforts of the two commonwealths to form an alliance, and afterwards in the war, in which England's supremacy on the sea was established by Admiral Blake. The book evinces abundant and careful study, with a free use of original authorities; is well written and vivacious, and it succeeds in awakening a lively interest in its theme. The author's estimate of the character and historical place of his subject, given in the closing paragraph, is comprehensive and no doubt just, though not especially flattering.

DeWitt stood altogether on a lower plane than Cromwell. We regard him rather as a man of rare and singular talent than one of the chosen great ones of the earth, which Cromwell was. He stands far above the common run of men; and was head and shoulders above nearly all the notable men of his time. He would have been greater if the movement of his limbs had been less burdened with the Dutch governing apparatus, which hampered him at every step of his path. His true place is with Richelieus, and Mazarinus, and William III—men of quite a secondary rank of intellect. He had no affinity with the Charlemagnes, the Gustavus Adolphuses, and Cromwells of the race. He is not one whom the world can ever greatly admire or love, and assuredly he is not one whom it will admit into that sacred Pantheon in which the memories of the lower gods are preserved.

CHRISTIAN missions and missionaries have, during the current century, been among the largest contributors to the sciences of geography, ethnology, philology, and natural history, in nearly all its departments. Among the latest installments of this class of literature is a book of missionary adventures in Patagonia by the veteran missionary-apostle of the Sandwich Islands.* The dates of the beginnings of the narrative take us back nearly fifty years, and the record itself extends over

*ADVENTURES IN PATAGONIA: A Missionary Exploring Trip. By Rev. Titus Coan, with an Introduction by Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Pp. 319.

little more than a year. But, because the state of affairs in that savage country has remained nearly without change since that date, the records apply to the present scarcely less fitly than to that remote past. It makes altogether a vivacious and deeply interesting volume—decidedly well written and full of valuable information.

SOME twenty years ago we brought home from "the Harpers" the two volumes of *The Land and the Book*, by W. M. Thomson, D. D., twenty-five years a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Syria and Palestine, which work has ever since been our chief authority in all matters embraced within its somewhat complex subject. But it now seems that its author did not cease his labors with the publication of that work; and, as the subject is one susceptible of only an approximate perfection, he has been all these years busily occupied in adding to his earlier work, correcting, enlarging, and improving what was before written. And now we have the ripe fruit of all this learned labor in the form of a really new book,* still called by the old name, but with second title that confines the description to "Southern Palestine and Jerusalem," implying the prospective coming of still another volume, on Middle and Northern Palestine and the region beyond the Jordan. Of this, however, no verbal promise is given, and the present volume is complete in itself, though it strongly suggests the desirableness of another to render a like service for the Palestine of the New Testament. A work so well known and highly appreciated as is the original volume of Dr. Thomson has no need to be commended to Biblical students of any grade, and the fact that the present volume is a reproduction of the former ones, with the superadded values given by twenty years of learned diligence and untiring research among original sources of information, gives assurance in advance that we have here a work of unprecedented excellence. And all this a careful study of the book will abundantly confirm and demonstrate. Certainly hereafter this must be "the book" for any

*THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations Drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land—Southern Palestine and Jerusalem. By William M. Thomson. One hundred and forty illustrations, with maps. New York: Harper & Brothers. Royal octavo. Pp. 592.

who wish to become acquainted with both the past and the present of "the land." Its maps and pictorial illustrations add much to the real value of the work, and the exterior material of the volume, with its solid and fine-toned paper and beautifully clear and legible typography and elegant binding, corresponds with its excellence as a learned and literary production. It is sold only by subscription.

OUR editorial *confrère* and senior coeval of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, having for a quarter of a century devoted his spare hours of enforced solitude in the midst of society to the critical study and elaborate elucidation of the New Testament, rejoices at length in that rarest of literary pleasures, the completion of his own work. The fifth volume, beginning with the epistle to Titus and ending with the Apocalypse, is already on the book-sellers' counters, and in the hands of the readers. Of the work itself we can attempt no adequate characterization, and of this last volume it is sufficient to say that it will sustain the high critical and exegetical character of its predecessors. There are some rich placers of religious thought in the notes on James and 1 Peter, and especially so in 1 John. The epistle to the Hebrews affords a fine field for the writer's exegetical and argumentative powers. He makes out a pretty strong case in favor of the Pauline authorship of that wonderful epistle. In the Revelation he also finds many excellent things, and, as in duty bound, like the preceding crowds of commentators, he finds (or invents) a clew to lead him through all its mysteries—so developing a theory which probably nobody else will accept, just as he rejects all others. We heartily congratulate the public on the completion of this original and truly able and excellent commentary on the whole New Testament; and also the learned and venerable writer, with this abatement, that now his work is done the many prayers for his life to be spared for that purpose must cease to be available. Perhaps he may still survive without their help.

ALL men are in some degree logicians, in fact, though very few can formulate their accepted laws of ratiocination. We all believe there is, at least potentially, a science of logic, but only a very few attempt to put that science into form, and of these no two are agreed at

all points, and accordingly we have an endless succession of books on logic, each differing from every other. The last to come under our notice is a fine octavo by a Virginia professor * (Noah K. Davis), who writes with the evident assurance of one conscious of his own mastership of the situation, and has, indeed, produced an able, and, so far as the subject admits, an agreeable book.

With very few exceptions—those chiefly lawyers and the smallest possible number of legislators—such books are used only in the higher schools. And yet all who aim at clear and correct thinking would do well to familiarize themselves with the theory of thinking, and the reasons why this should be believed and that rejected as untrue. The publishers have ably seconded the efforts of the author by setting his production in a decidedly attractive form.

THIRTY years ago we read carefully, and afterwards reviewed with a good degree of fullness, in the *Methodist Quarterly*, the first three volumes of *Hildreth's History of the United States*, and since that time we have used the work (three volumes were afterwards added) as an authority for reference and confirmation on all matters relating to our national history. Its great excellence as compared with kindred works is that it is what it professes to be, a record of events, so detailed that they may be viewed in their proper relations to each other and so presented as to show the history of the country in its unity, rather than a disquisition upon the philosophy of the nations, and heroic celebrations of its great men and their deeds. The style of the work, plain, dry, positive, and concise, is suited to the spirit and purpose. In point of research and the use of original authorities, it is, perhaps, unequalled by any of its competitors, and evidently the author was especially gifted with the "verifying faculty," by which he was able to discriminate the true from the false, and to produce such a picture of the times and events of which he wrote, with the requisite truthfulness and verisimilitude, that the story told appears as a harmonized whole, rather than simply a collection of isolated details. The publishers have

*THE THEORY OF THOUGHT: A Treatise on Deductive Logic. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Pp. 316.

now brought out a new edition, in six noble volumes, uniform with their Hume, Macaulay, and Gibbon, beautifully printed on fine paper, bound in boards and put up in a box. To be sold at two dollars a volume. It is just the edition for the school or college, for private reading, or for a public or private library.

BOOKS made up of selections from the great masters of English literature, if well and ably done, form an exceedingly valuable class of works for the information of the partially educated millions, and the pleasure and convenience of the thoroughly informed few. Such a book, one of the very best of its class, we have in the volume of Mr. William Swinton, recently published by the Harpers.* Dealing chiefly but not exclusively in the lighter and more elegant forms of literature, its selection of authors for characterization and illustration extends from Shakespeare to Huxley. American authors receive their full share of attention, though with only two exceptions, Irving and Bryant, the favored subjects are all of the Boston school. The abundant notes at the bottom of each page are especially designed to aid in the critical study and analysis of the selected pieces, somewhat after the fashion of school manuals, but not, therefore, wholly unworthy of the attention of adult readers not in schools. The external make up of the book is worthy of its valuable contents.

HARPER'S "Library of American Fiction" began over a year ago, and proceeded to twelve numbers and then ceased. Number thirteen now appears—an anonymous story entitled *A Foreign Marriage, or Buying a Title*. We judge this to be of a somewhat higher literary grade than were most of its predecessors in the series. It is an octavo of one hundred and ninety-seven pages, well printed on really good paper, and with stiff marbled paper covers. Price seventy-five cents.

ROBERT CARTER, who several years ago published an edition of *Yesterday, To-day*,

* **MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.** Being Typical Selections of British and American Authorship from Shakespeare to the Present Time. Together with Definitions, Notes, Analysis, and Glossary, as an Aid to Systematic Literary Study. For Use in High and Normal Schools, Academies, Seminaries, etc. By William Swinton, Author of "Harper's Language Series," etc. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 633.

and *Forever*, a religious heroic poem by Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, has lately issued two smaller and cheaper editions, selling respectively for seventy-five and fifty cents each. It is a work of real merit, and holds a place in the same category with Milton and Dante, and Young and Pollok, poetically below the former two, but quite the equal of either of the latter. In England it has had a very wide circulation, and is still largely in demand, and in this country, though less generally known, it is gradually coming into a wider recognition and more general appreciation. Without any indorsement of its special eschatological notions, we can heartily recommend it as well worth a perusal.

AMONG the new things under the sun (though perhaps even this was "potentially" included in the saying that "of making many books there is no end") is *A Concordance to the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, proposed by William Codville, of Pennsylvania, and published by the New York Book Concern. It is strictly a verbal Concordance, and it appears to have been intelligently and thoroughly wrought out. No doubt it will be in demand, and it may, to some, prove a convenience. It is certainly a curiosity and also a monument of patient labor.

THE Methodist Book Concern at New York, yielding to the popular current, has issued a novel (in fact, though not in name) as a "General Catalogue" book. Sunday-school fictions have long been the chief productions of that class of the publications of the religious (?) press. *Dio the Athenian*,* is a work of the same class with "Helena's Household," and some of the volumes of the "Schonberg Cotta Series." Its author (Rev. E. F. Burr) has made several essays in the way of imaginative writings, both in prose and verse, not always with very much success. In this case he ventures into a field already occupied by a number of rather able writers; but since reading fiction never satisfies the appetite that it finds, there may be hope even for a new-comer into the book market.

* **DIO THE ATHENIAN**; or, from Olympus to Calvary. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D., Author of "Eccles Culum," etc. Four Illustrations. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 12mo. Pp. 498.

EX CATHEDRA.

BRITISH POLITICAL ISSUES.

THE chess-board of European politics has shown some remarkable movements during the last few years, but the last of all, the late parliamentary elections in Great Britain, may be accepted as the most significant of its class. The career of Napoleon Third was a series of audacious adventures, which, for a time, were successful because of their audacity, till, at length, their legitimate results overtook him, and drove him, a bankrupt in fortune and reputation, from the country which he had so grossly duped and spoiled. The next great adventurer among European governments was Disraeli, who, brought to the front by a reaction in British politics, such as often occurs in the course of large forward movements, has for half a dozen years dazzled and confounded his fellow subjects, and, indeed, the whole world, by the boldness of his policy and the energy of his administration, in which might was the only measure of action, and the barbaric glory of the spoiler the ruling purpose. But evidently the Napoleons and Beaconsfields do not properly belong to the nineteenth century, and their careers are manifestly out of harmony with the spirit of the times, and their partial successes are in opposition to the tendencies of affairs. In the conflicts of ideas, leading to political and military collisions, neither party is uniformly successful; but by comparing the *status* of affairs at different times it is clearly manifest that real progress is being made towards the emancipation and enfranchisement of the people, at the expense of despotism, and toward the supremacy of ideas over mere brute force.

The career of Lord Beaconsfield, as practically dictator in British politics, and as a chief factor in European affairs, has been bold even to audacity, and alike forceful and unscrupulous, and as such it has dazzled and intoxicated the minds of a large and influential class of the British aristocracy, and of the crowd of snobs and sycophants that cling like parasites upon the titled classes. But the plain and honest common sense of the great middle class of British subjects could not be permanently satisfied with such things. They

have looked upon the barbaric splendor of the foreign and colonial policy of the ministry, and recognized its worthlessness, and they have not failed to consider that all this must be paid for at good round prices by the labor and the blood of the country. They therefore wisely conclude that the acquisition is not worth what it costs, and especially do they fail to see why the whole body of the people should be impoverished and burdened and depressed in order that Britain may be a terror to the rest of the world, and certain great statesmen may dictate the policy of the nations. They have, therefore, spoken as soon as the opportunity was given, and from the Orkneys to Land's End, and from the British Channel to the broad ocean, beyond the Green Island, come the thunder tones of condemnation. The election of a Liberal House of Commons, with a clear working majority over all opposing parties and factions, a majority chosen in the interests of ideas, of which Gladstone is the type and the incarnation, makes sure the inauguration of a policy directly and intensely the opposite of that of Disraeli's "Jingoism."

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

IT is remarkable how entirely and almost exclusively the name and form of Mr. Gladstone rise into view among the events of the new revolution in British politics. Without official position and declining the place of a party leader, to him rather than to any other all eyes are turned as the one and only man who can properly realize the ideal at which the electors aimed in their selections for members of Parliament. In all this there may be a species of hero worship, but if so, it is of a peculiar and very unusual kind, for certainly he possesses but few of the qualities that usually give to living men the reputation of heroes. He is a scholar, a man of books, and a writer for the press. He is a man of ideas, and has not learned the art of sinking his convictions for the sake of temporary ascendancy. He also lacks the persistency of opinions as to which some others pride themselves, for he has passed round nearly a complete semicircle of political maxims, and is now the antipodes

of his original self. But he is GREAT, and Englishmen honor greatness, sometimes simply because of itself; but in this case, the worshiped greatness clothes itself in the highest and best forms of ethical and aesthetical excellence. Probably no other living man combines in his own individuality so many and such transcendent qualities of mind and heart as does he whom now especially the British nation and the whole civilized world unite to honor.

The result of the elections is not, indeed, to bring Mr. Gladstone to the front, or to render him the most conspicuous figure among living Englishmen, for all that he has been and is by virtue of his individual personality; but it makes him the ruling spirit in the government, the character of which under his control is clearly foreseen by all. In choosing the new House of Commons, the electors of the United Kingdom declared in favor of the ideas—the political ethics and methods—of him who has come to be recognized as the best possible embodiment of the Christian civilization of the age. And this is all the more gratifying and assuring on account of the wide combination of influences and interests against which the result has been reached. The Tory aristocracy and the High-church prelates, with all their snobbish retainers and the army and navy, who look for glory and plunder in wars against distant semi-barbarous tribes, joined hands with the brutish masses who hate the middle classes, because they are just above them; and, last of all, the Irish malcontents, who are always "agin the government," come in to swell the motley opposition, not because of any affinity with the doomed policy of Beaconsfield, but because their normal position is in the opposition. And yet all these combined forces are outnumbered to the extent of hundreds of thousands by the great mass of intelligent, liberty-loving middle classes, who believe that Britain should be governed in the interests of its own people, and that its foreign policy should not be ruled by the ethics of brigandage.

ANOTHER METHODIST CENTENNIAL.

We have witnessed two centenaries of Methodism. There was one in 1839, which was more British than American; and yet it was somewhat extensively celebrated among us,

and it has left to us a number of "centenary" institutions—churches, schools, etc. Another was in 1866, which was wholly American, and was almost universally observed among us, and it will be long remembered because of the abundant offerings made in connection with it to various Church interests. And now we are approaching still another, for in a very few years the first century of the denomination in its present and completed organic form will be completed, and it is scarcely to be presumed that it will be permitted to come and pass away without due notice. A third Methodist centennial may, therefore, be contemplated as about to rise upon us.

It will therefore devolve upon the General Conference at its approaching session to make the preliminary arrangements for the proper observance of that deeply interesting epoch. For though the century will not be completed till after the General Conference of 1884, yet to render such an observance a success it must be arranged for some time in advance. Almost certainly, therefore, incipient arrangements for the event will be made at Cincinnati [we write in advance of the session], and a general programme of the form of the observances will be indicated, and the objects to be promoted by the offerings of the people determined.

In respect to this latter point we would venture the suggestion that these objects shall not be so widely spread as was the case in 1866. We would, indeed, prefer a single one, could one be found upon which all parties could agree because of its universality and its pressing and paramount interest. And just such a one, it seems to us, we have in the cause of higher education, which now demands the most earnest attention of the Church because of its value and necessity, much more than ever before; and because its successful prosecution demands a larger share of favorable attention than it has hitherto received. The immediate and pressing demand of our institutions of learning is for greatly enlarged pecuniary endowments which shall aggregate millions of dollars, all to be judiciously distributed and secured from the possibility of being misapplied or wasted. It may be doubly hoped that this subject will not fail of a careful attention and that means will be devised to make our institutions equal to the best.

